

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Music and the Drama

No. 4547

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914.

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Lectures.

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COURSES OF LECTURES.

Prof. C. S. HERRINGTON, M.D. LL.D. F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Physiology.—SIX LECTURES ON 'MUSCLE IN THE SERVICE OF NERVE'. On TUESDAYS, January 19, 26, February 2, 9, 16, 23.

Prof. W. J. PUIPE, LL.D. F.R.S.—TWO LECTURES ON 'COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY: SCIENTIFIC APPLICATIONS'. 1. 'PHOTOGRAPHIC APPRECIATION OF COLOUR IN MONOCHROME'; 2. 'PHOTOGRAPHY IN NATURAL COLOURS'. On TUESDAYS, March 2, 9.

Prof. Sir JAMES G. FRAZER, D.C.L. LL.D.—TWO LECTURES ON 'THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AMONG THE POLYNESIANS'. On TUESDAYS, March 16, 23.

H. G. PLIMMER, F.R.S.—THREE LECTURES ON 'MODERN THEORIES AND METHODS IN MEDICINE'. 1. 'MEDICINE AND SCIENCE'; 2. 'IMMUNITY'; 3. 'METHODS AND RESULTS'. On THURSDAYS, January 21, 28, February 4, 11.

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, M.D. F.R.S.—THREE LECTURES ON 'ZOOLOGICAL JOURNALS AND EVOLUTION'. 1. 'NATIONS AS SPECIES'; 2. 'STRUGGLE OF SPECIES'; 3. 'STRUGGLE OF NATIONS'. On THURSDAYS, February 11, 18, 25.

Sir HERBERT WARREN, K.C.V.O. D.C.L. LL.D.—TWO LECTURES ON 'POETRY AND WAR'. On THURSDAYS, March 4, 11.

AUBREY STRAHAN, Sc.D. LL.D. F.R.S.—TWO LECTURES ON 'LONDON GEOLOGY'. 1. 'THE FORM AND STRUCTURE OF THE LONDON BASIN'; 2. 'THE GROUND BENEATH LONDON'. On THURSDAYS, March 11, 18.

R. T. GLAZEBROOK, C.B. D.Sc. F.R.S.—TWO LECTURES ON 'AERIAL NAVIGATION: SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES'. 1. 'THE REQUIREMENTS OF THEORY'; 2. 'THE REQUIREMENTS OF PRACTICE'. On SATURDAYS, January 23, 30.

H. WALFORD DAVIES, Mus.Doc. LL.D.—TWO LECTURES ON 'MUSIC'. 1. 'TO UNTRAINED LISTENERS' (illustrations by Lecture); 2. 'EMERGENT MUSIC' (illustrations by Small Choir). On SATURDAYS, February 6, 13.

Prof. Sir J. J. THOMSON, O.M. LL.D. D.Sc. F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Royal Institution.—SIX LECTURES ON 'RECENT RESEARCHES ON ATOMS AND IONS'. On SATURDAYS, February 20, 27, March 6, 13, 20, 27.

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THE GERMAN SPIRIT.

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY. Part I.—The Position of the First Lord. J. R. Thursfield.

A REVOLT OF ISLAM. G. F. Abbott.

THE ATTITUDE OF ITALY.

THE WAR IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER:
1. On Land. Col. W. P. Blood. (With Map.)

2. At Sea. Archibald Hurd.

3. In Serbia. R. W. Seton-Watson. (With Map.)

RECRUITING AND THE CENSORSHIP.

In order that the urgent events of the day may have speedier treatment in the "Quarterly Review," Mr. Murray has decided to publish the January number in Two Parts.

London: JOHN MURRAY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914.

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LITERATURE

New Poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Sir Frederic G. Kenyon. (Smith, Elder & Co., 5s. net.)

THE very words 'New Poems by Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning' will be read with a shock by sympathetic eyes, whilst the quickly responsive mind will welcome, as though awakening to a fresh sense of the true and marvellous, this sudden discovery of the old in the new, of the new in the old. Yet it is not sudden, this recrudescence. Men and women who care for fine literature are not likely to forget what happened at a certain sale of effects at Messrs. Sotheby's in the first week of May, 1913. "It was a sorry sight," says Sir Frederic Kenyon, referring to the dispersal of photographs, busts, chairs, tables, love-tokens—even love-letters. But he adds some "grounds of consolation," since in the end these relics may fall into the right hands. But, apart from that, the feverish desire to possess such things—which animates people of very different temperaments—takes on a new aspect when its demonstration rises to a price in the market. It is not such a bad thing for commerce to appraise beauty in this particular way, and a little thought will reduce the whole business to its right proportion. Then we shall see that, whilst mercantile homage is something to the good, the joy which belongs to beauty of every kind is wholly independent of that appreciation. If we dwell ever so little in the realm which Robert and Elizabeth Browning made their own, we become oblivious of the necessity for chairs and tables, and hardly want to return to a world where, for all their necessity, they will seem to get in our way.

Granted, however, that we should handle tenderly any scraps of such association which come across our path, we should treat with even more consideration the thoughts which accident has preserved for us, when at their core they contain, and even exhibit, the beauty which in poets, after all, is the only thing that really matters.

Not the least interesting part of this volume, with its two portraits and judicious editorial comments, consists of the criticisms of Elizabeth Browning on her future husband's early poems. It need not be said that these notes are beautiful, refined with a woman's intuition, the delicate product of a true poet's brain. Like some more famous utterances, they are just jottings on half-sheets or other scraps of paper, for, as Sir Frederic Kenyon reminds us, Elizabeth "was a small woman, and liked to have small things about her." The criticism, too, was just of that minute, delicate kind which the poet can accept; none of the sweeping condemnation of scheme, method, or language which Browning learnt to expect from the world at large, until that world discovered that it might with advantage go to school to him, and with him drink draughts of copious thought instead of breathing the attenuated ether of verbal prettinesses. But on verbal distinctions and differences Browning was not above learning something at this stage. Why these incessant inversions? asked his best of critics. Meanings were sometimes thus made doubtful. So Elizabeth Barrett urged, to one who was already familiar enough with the plaint that he was apter than otherwise to give no meaning at all! "I cease to protest [writes Elizabeth at last, dealing with 'Luria'] against these frequent inversions." But there is generally some jam to disguise her powder—not flattery, for Elizabeth simply could not be insincere. There is tact in the presenting of every point. What was he gaining by the inversions? she asks, taking as an example:—

If as you bid this sentence they pronounce;
and continues:—

"Why not simply

If they pronounce this sentence as you bid?

Is there an objection? And it gives the effect, I think, of more impulse to these noble lines."

Browning accepted the change, and others like it. He was not, as most people know by this time, fairly open to the charges, which were so frequent, "of being wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless, or perversely harsh"; but all people do not know, even now, how pruning of his methods was accepted by him, and this little volume is very valuable here. It touches, too, a higher note. For these criticisms are nowhere more unerring than in their enthusiasm. Ruskin, as Sir Frederic Kenyon notes, gave a fine instance of discernment in speaking of 'The Tomb at St. Praxed's.' Some of the words of a more intimate critic, Elizabeth Barrett, read even more effectively:—

"This is a wonderful poem, I think, and classes with those works of yours which show most power... most unquestionable genius in the high sense. You force the reader to sympathize positively in his glory in being buried."

In the same manner she praises his *sense of Italy*, the rushing, hurrying life with which his poems often move. The mere phrasing of her notes is always suggestive of movement itself, whether she is declaring how "'Pictor Ignotus' is a poem which begins grandly and ends so: the winding up winds up the soul of it"; or of the ride from Ghent to Aix, how the poet must have felt it, "and took the effect up and dilated it by repeating it over and over... doubling, folding one upon another, the hoof-treads." All this while we feel that the two poets are reflecting mutually the joy of life and art, like responding mirrors.

It will be seen at a glance in reading the little collection of poems, especially those of Browning, that they are unequal, even if we bear in mind the fact that inequality of form or polish became later a habit in Browning justified by results. For polish can easily be overdone in poetry, whereas ruggedness often stands for vitality, just as the bark of the oak is roughened and toughened by action of the sap, the bark protecting, in its turn, the life of the tree. Some of the rhymes perpetrated by Browning are, no doubt, ludicrous enough. Take an epistolary trifle, a line here, a line there. The 'Round Robin' is written to Miss Harriet Hosmer, a charming and clever American sculptress with a studio in Rome:—

Dear Hosmer: or still dearer, Hatty—
Mixture of *miele* and of *latte*,
So good and sweet and—somewhat fatty—

Sculpture is not a thing to sit to
In summertime; do find a fit toe
To kick the clay aside a bit—oh,

Say not (in Scotch) "in troth it canna be"—
But, honey, milk and, indeed, mauna be!

It matters not that the trick was better mastered by the author of 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' then in vogue, or that the technique of poetry is outraged when such an absurd method is extended to serious themes. The great thing here is that, even from such trivialities, life as it was really lived by the Brownings bubbles up, and so it is all through.

If the "Jocoseria" of the volume are illuminating, the serious poems are more so. They include some beginnings—fragments rather—the most notable of which is called by the editor 'Æschylus' Soliloquy.' It is a monologue, with points of unresolved phrasing which show the writer still at work. In this the prophecy of the death of Æschylus is just about to be fulfilled:—

Life has ebbed from me—I am on dry ground—
All sounds of life I held so thunderous sweet
Shade off to silence—all the perfect shapes
Born of perception and men's images (imagery?)
Grow dim and dimmer....

Ay, and that bee's hum,
The buzzing fly and moulting of the grass
Cropped slowly near me by some straying sheep
Are strange to me with life—and separate from me
The outside of my being—I myself
Grow to silence, fasten to the calm
Of inorganic nature.... sky and rocks—
I shall pass on into their unity
When dying down into impersonal dusk.

Many a meaning may be read into such lines as these; few will deny that the greatness of the poet-to-be is already intrinsically there.

For other reasons we find this volume noteworthy: the qualities by means of which poetry, as such, confronts the world, definitely claiming a peculiar virtue, are here: grace, for instance, in the lines written for 'Helen's Tower' at Clondeboy; reverence, in the tribute to Shakespeare; reason, in the quiet answer to the question, "Why am I a Liberal?"

Whilst the poems by Browning here number twenty-nine, those which come from his wife number only five; but their publication in this form is amply welcome, for they are highly characteristic in several ways. We do not say that they contain any examples of the poet at her best; there are no lines which will leap unbidden to memory, as may be said of much which made the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning famous. The quaint turns of thought, however, which will always, we may hope, remain typical of English family life; that "small change" of humour which keeps the currency of existence bright, and helps even to keep its honour solvent—these are here happily touched to the finest of all issues. Perhaps some of the verses are trivial, like those of her beloved colleague, friend, and husband. Others are rather heavily weighted with sentiment, such as the stanzas in honour of Robert Lytton, the "Owen Meredith" that was to be. But all have the authentic touch, and we are unfeignedly glad that Sir Frederic Kenyon, with the assistance of the publishers who have done so much for Browning, has rescued from destruction things that may be light as gossamer in themselves, but by their movements show the drift of the winds of poetry.

THE WAR AND CHARACTER.

IF anything can possibly dispel illusion and establish true relations between the various factors of life, individual, national, and international, it is war. War cannot but show life and death as they really are in their clearest outlines and truest colours. This is certainly proved in the case of the men who have played their part in the heat of fighting or the sordid weariness of the trenches; they accept the revelation in all its power and urgency; they can no longer be wholly triflers after such conversions to reality. How this revelation may come and how it is accepted is fully shown in such a collection of great deeds as the 'Book of British Heroes.' It is a mere volume of stories from the front, told, in most cases, by the men themselves or their comrades

Book of British Heroes. (Grant Richards, 1s. net.)

Armageddon—and After. By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall, 1s. net.)

"Scare-mongerings" from 'The Daily Mail,' 1896-1914. Compiled by Twells Brex. (Associated Newspapers, 6d. net.)

in their own straightforward words. As such it has, of course, no academic value, being a plain account of various facts; but it makes far greater reading than the greatest academic work that ever won praise from a streetful of critics. For these simple accounts show our soldiers as they really are under the stress and purification of danger, and that courage which is beyond all theories or suppositions. They have passed through the fire, and left therein their lesser selves.

Now we at home say frequently—to one another, in the pulpit, on the platform, or here and there in a leading article—that England is passing through that same fire, that she will be changed and purified; we say so, but it remains to be seen whether we shall discover—with a shock—that expression and even record of opinion are not equivalent to action.

So far an onlooker may be excused if he notices the quantity of talk and the absence of result. A Canadian is said to have commented not long ago on the fact that in his country volunteers came forward readily at the mere notification of the fact that there was a war; they needed no songs or pamphlets or speeches or advertisement posters; the English of the Island, however, although the sound of the guns could be heard from their own sea-coast, continued to turn their backs to the foe, and their faces to the football field. This is true enough; but it is a limited truth. We can, happily, point to many moving instances of danger or sorrow or suffering realized, of help and sympathy given, of slackness or scandal perceived and checked. For that matter, we could find hundreds of adverse comments and as many hundreds of replies. Every day we see ignorance, apathy, obstinacy, cruelty, and evil of every kind, and every day we see the contrary qualities in shining clarity. Where, then, is the explanation of such anomalies? Why are the English as a nation exasperatingly futile or even worse in some respects, wholly admirable in others?

The answer, it seems to us, is that nations (just like individuals) differ in their sense of the proportion of things. Some nations seem to realize a fact in all its bearings the very instant it comes before their notice; others apply a similar promptness to the grasp of an illusion. England, when we look at her, seems to stick (we use the word advisedly) midway between the two. Indeed, when we contemplate the English mind, we can hardly blame our foes for their rage against us. They had made admirable calculations, based on sincere reports and convincing facts; and, without warning, all the calculations collapsed before the actualities. No wonder they think of England as "Perfidie Albion"!

But the crux lies in the future, not in the past or present. How will the nation stand after the war? Will England have shed some of her illusions? or will she relapse into that semi-blindness that contents itself with a protest, or the remark "How true!" at the close of the sermon?

The prophets have begun their prophecies and their surmises. Dr. Courtney, for one, has sketched out his views in 'Armageddon—and After.' As is his habit, he is guarded (his dedication testifies to his attitude and intelligence alike), preferring to indicate from the errors of the past where lie the remedies for the future. The old-fashioned diplomacy of the "highly-trained Chancelleries" has made a muddle of things; we can, then, suppose that it will give place to more open dealing, that secrecy and the "belief in phrases and abstract principles" will vanish. Our views as to international relations will change; armaments will possibly give place to some species of

"international police which shall be allowed, alone among all, to use weapons of war in order to execute the decrees of the central parliament representing the common European will."

Also we shall have to reconstitute our ideas of political institutions: "How many states, for instance, recognize or put into practice a really representative system of government?" "Is England among them?" some of us might add; and, indeed, we agree with Dr. Courtney in his evident misgivings as to the qualifications of democracy, especially in this country—until and unless democracy be the rule of a clear-sighted people, willing to be advised by disinterested specialists. Much has to be done before the national mind secures a true perception of proportions.

Let us take one instance—the discussion about professional football. We find that the football authorities persist in their absolute refusal to recognize the one and only point that matters, namely, that this game, or any game, has in itself no sort of harm; that it is only the effect of the game that matters; and that when a game (whatever it be) can so absorb its followers as to deaden and even destroy their recognition of more important things, then, and then only, that game is judged and utterly damned by every right-thinking person in the world as being an obsession and not a recreation.

Again, in the world of commerce it is right to keep industry and trade up to their normal level; to maintain the flow of work and wages in spite of the war; but to use that war for vulgar advertisement, to write articles or draw pictures comparing the trenches to a drapery department, or the battleships to a whisky bottle—that is utter cheapness, leaving a nasty taste in the mouth. Yet it is rife just now. A sense of proportion would have kept these things out of sight; also it would have suggested more thought concerning such methods and materials in commerce as really matter.

Again, in our national life—apart from such smudges on it—we are now reconstituting our views, condemning some and justifying others. One instance—double-edged in its revelation of character—is the publication called 'Scare-mongerings.' In itself and for its various prophecies of war it is not worth much.

Selections, like statistics or Scripture as quoted by the Devil, can prove or disprove anything. But the book has a certain value as recording the opinions expressed by such people as Mr. Acland, Sir John Brunner, Mr. McKenna, Lord Haldane, Sir Alfred Mond, and others on Germany, Lord Roberts, national training, and kindred subjects.

Yet even that value seems to be nullified in the acrimonious newspaper quarrel that has arisen. Whatever their origin, the facts of the book should have prompted the unqualified confession that warnings were given and neglected. That is the attitude which a proper sense of proportion would have forced upon the nation at once; and it is just such a sense of proportion, of clear recognition of good and evil in their true aspects, that the nation needs. Those who are actually fighting for it have achieved this: let us hope that it may arise spontaneously in those who stay at home. If that is not to be (and ideals cannot always be realized), at least let us hope that the recital of the deeds of our soldiers, and, later, the influence of those who return to us, may bring about in England as a whole that one great change which is necessary to her ultimate salvation.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

MR. ABELL, in his painstaking book, 'Prisoners of War in Britain,' is a little inclined to national self-abasement, and we cannot agree with him that the state of the Spanish prison at Cabrera inflicts an "indelible stain" on our conduct during the Peninsular War. It was, of course, atrocious, but we had nothing to do with the arrangements of Spanish gaolers. But Mr. Abell has a clear case with the hulks stationed in the Medway, at Portsmouth, and elsewhere. They were an institution peculiar to ourselves, and, with every allowance made for the querulousness of homesick men, they were not to our credit. The wonder must be how human hearts could endure such misery without breaking. Yet they did endure; pious soldiers even kept up their religious practices, and the illiterate learnt to read and write. The "Romans," as the rough customers were called, brought suffering on themselves, no doubt, by gambling away their rations and the shirts on their backs. Still, the fact remains that the hulks were, as Mr. Abell calls them, hells upon water.

The prisons evidently varied greatly; the conditions in some were tolerable, but Sissinghurst had a bad name, and Portchester was no paradise. Mr. Abell's

researches at the Record Office enable him to show how these conditions came to be. The intentions of the Government were excellent: elaborate instructions explained how prisoners were to be clothed, fed, and doctored. But no adequate supervision existed, and a ring of officials and contractors foiled first the "Sick and Hurt" Office, and next the Transport Office, to which the care of prisoners of war was committed. The Americans in Dartmoor complained bitterly of their agent, Reuben Beasley, who seemed utterly indifferent to their sufferings. The contractors swindled them with impunity until, in 1812, a baker named Hageman was fined 3,000*l.*, while his associates were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. It is hardly surprising that their conduct should have been most unruly, and that, after they had hanged Beasley in effigy, Governor Shortland should have exclaimed, "I had rather have charge of 5,000 Frenchmen than 500 of these sons of liberty." The better class of French prisoners exhibited, indeed, a wonderful patience under their afflictions. Mr. Abell gives numerous illustrations of the pathetic little models of ships and toys which they carved out of wood and bone. They made money out of straw-plaiting, though the trade was illicit; and a clever soldier established a thread lace factory of 3,000 fellow-prisoners in Portchester.

Mr. Abell has a good deal to say about the cartel ships which carried out, or tried to carry out, an exchange of prisoners. The system produced endless recriminations between the French Government and our own, and we invariably got the worst of the deal. The enemy shrewdly perceived that a soldier was of greater value to us than to themselves, and there was besides the fear that we should barter sick for sound men.

Officers on parole in England were frequently maltreated by the inhabitants, particularly in Kent during the Seven Years' War. Later on public opinion veered round in their favour, in consequence of their admirable behaviour. Still, they were pretty much at the mercy of their agents, who were, in some cases, conscientious men, in others very much the reverse. Besides, minor breaches of parole were tempting, and then the informer appeared on the scene, eager for his reward. Scots society seems, on the whole, to have treated them better than English. North of the Tweed they were freely entertained, and gave theatrical entertainments in return. They made money by teaching, though some of the sums said to have been realized are obviously fabulous; they married Scots girls and settled down. Such unions were by no means uncommon, of course, in England, but, except for the common bond of Freemasonry, your honest Englishman seems to have been content to regard a French officer as a mere frog-eater.

Mr. Abell's stories of prison-breaking and the escapes of prisoners on parole are many and excellent. The wonderful adventures of Tom Souville and Louis Vanhille were rendered feasible by their

proficiency in English. But Durand was at large for weeks under the guise of a deaf-and-dumb beggar; and a French officer lurked in London as a seller of artificial flowers for a year before Vickary, the famous Bow Street runner, caught him. Mr. Abell writes sensibly on the delicate point of breach of parole. It must be remembered that a French officer interned at Launceston or Thame was poor and homesick; that in case of failure the hulks or Sissinghurst awaited him, and that escape agents were lurking round the corner to tempt him. In Capt. Harman of Folkestone, otherwise Thomas Feast Moore, we are introduced to a leader of underworld innkeepers and smugglers who would have rejoiced the heart of Stevenson.

No more welcome addition to the record of British constancy and daring can be conceived than these unsophisticated reminiscences which Sir Edward Hain has given to the world in 'Prisoners of War in France from 1804-14,' the adventures of two Cornishmen, Arras, Maubeuge, Valenciennes, and Le Cateau are familiar places mentioned by the pair, and our soldiers' attempts to escape, as recorded in the daily papers, were anticipated by stout-hearted Tom Williams.

Short and Williams were cousins, and while serving as apprentices on board the brig *Friendship* they were taken captive by a French privateer off Beachy Head in March, 1804. They were marched to the depot for prisoners at Givet, where Short remained until December, 1813. The more adventurous Williams made no fewer than four efforts at liberty—from Givet, from Charlemont, from Thilt, and from Briançon. When the British prisoners were sent through France to avoid the Allied armies advancing from the east, he met Short again at Maubeuge, and the pair were companions during a weary tramp which ended at Bordeaux in April, 1814, where they found the city in the possession of the British army from Spain. That is their adventure in bald outline. We agree with Sir Edward Hain that they probably wrote it down after they reached home; but it seems likely that they had some rough diary to work upon in common, kept probably by Short, who was the more thoughtful, though Williams had greater gifts of expression.

The noble activity of the Rev. R. B. Wolfe and Capt. Brenton in alleviating the hard lot of the British prisoners at Givet receives due recognition from Williams as well as from Short, who was presumably one of the twenty Methodists praised by Wolfe in his 'English Prisoners in France' for keeping up their religious practices in spite of a most painful persecution. Short also confirms Wolfe's suspicion that Brenton's clerk, Bradshaw, was unworthy of the confidence placed in him as a distributor of funds: "a big rascal" is the downright verdict. But his most characteristic passage describes the construction of the flying bridge across the Meuse by the English prisoners, for the passage of Napoleon and

Prisoners of War in Britain, 1756 to 1815.
By Francis Abell. (Milford, 15*s.* net.)

Prisoners of War in France, 1804-14, being the Adventures of John Tregether Short and Thomas Williams of St. Ives, Cornwall.
With an Introduction by Sir Edward Hain. (Duckworth & Co., 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Prisoners of War. By Tighe Hopkins. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 2*s.* net.)

the Empress Marie Louise, after the floods had washed away the ordinary bridge of boats. Short relates that one of the sailors who crossed with the Emperor asked him for a pinch of snuff, and the request was immediately granted. He was much shocked; the young man "acted a part inconsistent with reason." Short's explanation of the audacity is that both Napoleon and the sailor were Freemasons. It is also conceivable that the sailor was spinning a yarn.

Williams had as a companion in all his attempted escapes a brother Cornishman in Henry Blight of Ludgvan. Prison walls were no obstacles to them; they could beat a hole in a chimney with a fire-dog, and hide the results of a night's excavations behind a paper cupboard, constructed nominally for keeping their bread. Williams confines himself to a simple narrative, but it is almost as exciting as 'Jack Sheppard' or 'Monte Cristo.' For prison-breaking at Charlemont they were condemned to six years in irons, but that severity was remitted on the birth of the King of Rome, which, Williams writes, "was a great treat." Twice at least they very nearly gained their freedom. They reached Newport, but their try at seizing a boat failed, and back they were escorted to gaol. They afterwards reached Boulogne, but only to find themselves in the midst of the French army, and to make an appearance before the Prefect, who paid Williams the fine compliment of saying to him in English, "You rascal! you were like the little mouse."

The march across France is reminiscent in its way of Carlyle's great chapter 'The Twenty-Two,' telling of the flight of the Girondins. Cold, hunger, and confinement in the filthiest cells were the lot of the dauntless men. Yet as they trudged through Orleans they made the streets ring, says Williams, by singing English songs. He is silent as to what the favourite predecessor of 'Tipperary' may have been. Sir Edward Hain might possibly have printed the common experiences of Williams and Short in parallel columns; the absolute veracity of their journals would have been established by the arrangement. He should, at any rate, have elucidated their reckless spelling of French place-names.

Mr. Hopkins's book on 'Prisoners of War' is disappointing. He trusts apparently that his treatment will divert attention from the deficiencies of his method. Prisoners of war during 1914 alone may not as yet furnish material for a book, and a little comparative information is fully justified. But Mr. Hopkins is not adequately equipped in knowledge. Such an error as that on p. 86 cannot be passed over. Apropos of the shooting of prisoners, Mr. Hopkins remarks that such a practice "has been denounced by Kriegsbrauch himself, in a work edited by the German General Staff." A little research would have enlightened him as to the meaning of the word "Kriegsbrauch"—the 1902 German military code—and prevented him from

mistaking the Piræus for a man. Again, he should quote his authority for stating that Harold the Saxon was hewn in pieces at Senlac "so that his own mother could not have recognized him"; for that matter, it is hardly logical to speak of Harold as a "prisoner of war." But Mr. Hopkins is not great in logic. He might have compiled a really useful book on the treatment of prisoners of war throughout the ages, and he certainly does supply many interesting facts about ancient and modern practice; but he is too fond of digression of a journalistic order, and he does not observe any sort of proportion. The third chapter is a curious mixture of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, Major-Commandant Dieckmann, atrocities of 1914, Frederick II. at Parma, and Bajazet, all grouped under the title 'The Middle Ages.' Nor does it seem really essential to the book to "review" the works of M. Paul Lanoir and Dr. Graves, interesting though these may be in themselves.

Mr. Hopkins does well, however, in giving an account of Col. Rose's escape from Libby Prison—a wonderful feat. He also rechronicles for us the escape of Mr. Churchill from Pretoria, pointing the moral, in approved style, of the predestined greatness of the "Ruler of the King's Navee," and that of Dr. Watkins from his fortress; but in the latter his sense of proportion is again defective: Leipsic has claims to fame beyond that of being the home of the Tauchnitz editions.

R. L. Stevenson: a Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. (Martin Secker, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SWINNERTON dedicates his monograph to a friend—a friend whom we may suppose to be a whole-hearted admirer of Stevenson—"in malice." There is in this some intention, it may be, of forestalling or disarming criticism; but for our part we are not disarmed. The days when Stevenson was an idol to be worshipped are over, and the inevitable reaction has set in, as Mr. Swinnerton himself is fully aware. The time is come when it is peculiarly the critic's duty to hold the middle path, and to avoid emphasis, not only in judgment, but also in expression. With Mr. Swinnerton's judgment of Stevenson we find ourselves substantially in agreement; but we think it unfortunate that he should have reiterated certain facts or perceptions on which his judgment is based, because the iteration is in itself tiresome, and further because it is certain to exasperate those to whom Stevenson is still a friend or hero rather than a mere writer.

"I want to show [Mr. Swinnerton writes] that Stevenson's ill-health was not the ill-health which makes a man peevish through constant pain. It was, in fact, extreme delicacy, rather than ill-health; and the consequence of this delicacy was the peculiar nervous brilliancy of manner which I have described. It is often mistaken by writers

on Stevenson for courage; but this is an unimaginative conception resulting from the notion that he was constantly in pain, and that he deliberately *willed* to be cheerful and gay. Nobody who deliberately wills to be cheerful ever succeeds in being more than drolly unconvincing. Stevenson had courage which was otherwise illustrated: this cheerfulness, this 'funning' was the natural consequence of nervous excitability which, as I have said, often appears as though it was vitality, as though it must be of more substance than we know it really is. It is like the colour in an invalid's cheek, like the invalid's energy, like the invalid's bright eyes: it is due to the stimulus of excitement. Stevenson, alone, had his flat moments of dull mood and tired vanity; Stevenson, in company, thrilled with the life which his friends regarded as his inimitable and unquestionable personal charm."

We quote this passage in full because, though but one of many that bear upon the same theme, it contains within itself evidence of Mr. Swinnerton's tendency to labour his point. He may be right in believing that the glamour which surrounded Stevenson was largely based on mistaken sympathies; certainly the charm which was once beyond question evokes already from many readers no response; restless artifices of conceit and egoism seem to pervade the utterances which were accepted once as heroically confiding; the philosophy of cheerfulness does not satisfy a later generation, and the shouts of gaiety have a hollow sound. But all this, we hold, it is for the critic to state rather than to elaborate. Mr. Swinnerton was probably aware that he was treading on delicate ground, and has been betrayed into a fault of taste by his determination not to flinch from the truth.

His judgment on the relative value of the various departments of Stevenson's work is sensitive and discriminating. He dismisses the essays as essentially decorative work, examples of accomplished execution, and refuses them a place among masterpieces in this genre. The plays he considers—and here no one will differ from him—the most literary, the least actual, of anything Stevenson has done. The romances, though a fine tribute is paid to 'Kidnapped' as a book for boys, are well criticized as exhibiting on the whole invention rather than imagination—an invention which, following the law of its nature, proceeds by a succession of impulses insusceptible of true artistic continuity. The best work (we are told, and rightly told) is in the short stories; for here are to be found three or four examples "sufficient alone to give Stevenson's name continued life among our most distinguished writers." In addition to all this, there are the versatility of his talent, his range both in methods and in topics, and the fact that in his life, cut off so early, there was already traceable a development leading away from romance and affectation and trite good cheer towards that steady resolve to see and represent actual life which is the only foundation of enduring literature. 'Weir of Hermiston,' unquestionably his finest work, is also his last, and the qualities that make it great, above all its "sober

realism," may be found also in the last and least popular, the "wisest and the most genuine," of his books of travel—"In the South Seas." For here

"Stevenson has put picturesqueness behind him for what it is—the hall-mark of the second-rate writer; and he has risen to a height of understanding which adds to his stature."

Mr. Swinnerton sums up the views of to-day concerning his subject thus:—

"Stevenson has been a fashionable traveller, and his sober maturity is too dull; he has lost his charm. Well, we must make a new fashion. Interest in a figure must give place to interest in the work. If the work no longer interests, then our worship of Stevenson is founded upon a shadow, is founded, let us say, upon the applause of his friends, who sought in his work the fascination they found in his person."

Christ's Gypsy. By Florence Hayllar. (Clifton, J. Baker.)

This slender little book of verses should not be neglected, for it is the work of a fine mind and a record of experience, no trivial repetition of outworn themes and doctrines. Here, we fancy, a spirit, shy and elusive to many, yet with an abundant store of sympathy, finds welcome speech and expression. The verses are occasionally a little rough in technique, but they reveal a style of real distinction; there is no waste of words, and the author excels in that concise making of a point which is at once a surprise and a delight, while she is capable of homely tenderness.

The quatrain which begins and ends the book at once attracts attention:—

Be hope thy staff, and prayer thy food:—
Be all thy wealth one hour of vision:—
Thy tent-pole be the holy Rood,
And thy tent-cloth the world's derision.

This, like other touches in the book, reminds us of the Oriental mystics, and the series of quatrains which follow recall an Oriental Divan, being loosely connected, yet all interpreting the same beliefs with a variety of illustration, and marking by some happy audacity of phrase the paradoxes of life and love, and the mystery of the divine Face, which one moment is read aright, and the next is lost:—

Perverse ye mourn, He is not far away!
Thin is the veil though wrought with closest art!
Hush! hush! any day, any day—
The veil may part.

This is the leading thought of the book, but it shows also a keen sense of the inequalities of life—that London which is "publice egestas, privatim opulencia"—and of the joys of nature. The author knows why the Greeks made gods of the wood. Yet the chief god of their beautiful mythology has lost his power:—

O Zeus, hath any man for thee, the ægis-shielded,
Hath any child his dear blood shed, or woman died?
Rain hast thou given, and laws, the lightning hast thou wielded—
But, Zeus, thou wast not crucified.

The danger for the stylist, the writer who has "a mint of phrases in his brain," is affectation, and some who have dwelt on the world of sin, love, and the divine have attained a kind of early and sickly

maturity of phrases which are vastly fine and vastly unnatural. Miss Hayllar is free from this excess. Her verse is spontaneous. Her sense of colour and her concise wit, as of a metaphysical poet of the seventeenth century, are the more forcible for not being forced. She is no sad votary of the obscure; she looks towards the light and watches for the gleam, and she knows the uses of humour as a bridge for souls parted by misapprehension:—

The thoughts that I most ached to tell
But lulled your soul to sleep—
And these, I prized not half so well,
Have made you laugh and weep.

The little volume is one to be treasured, and deserves more than a paper binding.

The Fellowship of the Mystery. By John Neville Figgis. (Longmans & Co., 5s. net.)

DR. FIGGIS's latest book consists mainly of lectures delivered at New York nearly two years ago, so it is no direct contribution to the subject which occupies nearly all our thoughts to-day. But much that he says about Nietzsche (though that unfortunate philosopher is being a little "ridden to death" just now) has, of course, a bearing upon current events, and if he does not attribute German crimes to German theology, he cannot refrain from one very pertinent observation:—

"Prof. Moll's egregious discovery that all the German misdeeds in Belgium are a hallucination due to group-hypnotism forms some measure of the value we need attribute to the same argument when it is applied to the New Testament."

Dr. Figgis takes "the Fellowship of the Mystery" as that to which Christians are admitted in the Church, and thus as "St. Paul's account of Churchmanship"; and his object, when addressing the theologians of New York in the Paddock Lectures now published, was to develop the meaning of that description and its responsibilities.

He begins by discussing the essential character "as a gift of God." Christians have something which no other religion has, or it were idle to talk of missions. That something is the gift of God, the gift of a new life—"not a code, or a creed, or an achievement, but a spirit given." Even Calvinism recognized this (Dr. Figgis goes out of his way to tell us, somewhat precariously, that Calvin "never troubled himself" about the doctrine of the love of God); and it is the great ministering force which meets the needs for relation between the soul and the eternal, for a revelation of a life beyond, and for deliverance from the world as it is. This gift must be historically verified. Westcott is quoted in a familiar passage. It might be well if he were corrected where he writes, "Mohammedanism lost all religious power in a few generations"—a statement which could hardly be supported by any one who remembered the Sepoy War or had witnessed the worship in a mosque. Then Dr. Figgis bids us

"read the New Testament through and judge whether we have not here a single, deep, and massive impression, that of the action of forces best qualified as supernatural."

a sentence which recalls a classic passage in François Coppée's 'La Bonne Souffrance.' We receive the impression of an amazing historical personality. As Creighton said, in words which will bear repeated quotation:—

"As we gaze on this, we must feel the littleness of our best intentions, of our highest efforts. [Jesus] came forward as the champion of no system. He advocated no plans of social reform. He did none of those things on which we pride ourselves as our noblest and best undertakings. He only lived amongst men and loved them; and the effects of that life and of that love will last for ever."

It is the gift of that Personality, with its sacrifice, which enables us to meet the tragedy of the universe. Dr. Figgis will hardly win general assent when he tells us that "the criterion of any religion lies in what it has to tell us of death"; but he is, perhaps, merely using a phrase without full consideration, for he by no means neglects to emphasize the fact that what Christianity claims to deal with, to explain, and to give, is *life*.

He passes on to the Society "through which the gift is made ours." Historic knowledge of Jesus implies the Church. We cannot study Him in the abstract and then come to an intimate personal relation. History shows us that we cannot, for "there is only one real date in History—now." A community is necessary. Individualism is a contradiction of Christianity. Quakerism, independent of creeds, and "not fundamentally even Christian," proves this, for it "was so deeply imbued with personal devotion to Christ that within its limits it established a very closely knit and compact community." The community is the Universal Church, with its past as well as its present; and Churchmanship must be Catholic, not provincial. We have by the way a just, if a little too generous criticism of the pretentiousness of Mr. Houston Chamberlain, and a somewhat hasty disparagement of the Eastern Church as "not alive to the newer knowledge of the world," and without "that out-giving energy needed so greatly to-day," a judgment which shows forgetfulness of the wonderful Russian literature and Russian missions.

The Church is also the hope of the future. Its history is one of perpetual revival, and Horace Walpole would have rubbed his eyes if he had known Dr. Gore. Realization is not yet, but Christianity looks beyond this life for its fruition, and there is perceptible advance. But when Dr. Figgis says that the World Missionary Conference, compared "with anything that was possible a hundred years ago," is a proof of advance towards reunion, is he not confusing spiritual with material obstacles? In idea, such a conference of Christian bodies outside the obedience of Rome or Constantinople was quite possible a century ago, and, indeed, was more

in keeping with the theology of the age; but physical difficulties made it impossible to realize. A Protestant World Conference in the twentieth century owes its existence largely to posts and railways and telegraphs. Advance we do; but we think Dr. Figgis overstates things when he condemns the Evangelicals and the early Tractarians for not having been "in any way obsessed by the appalling horrors of modern industrialism." Were the Tractarians really behind 'Sybil' in appreciation of the facts of their day? At the present time there is little excuse for ignorance of social questions, and Dr. Figgis thinks that modern clerics should read "propagandist literature on the sex question" and the popular novels and dramas of the day. There we agree with him, so long as they do not neglect their own chief business.

We have not space to follow Dr. Figgis into his interesting summary of the Christian moral stand-point and "the Communal Bond." He writes clearly and trenchantly as ever; never better, perhaps, than when he reminds men that to give Christ the title of "Lord" implies a real submission, not a tepid admiration.

As is his custom, Dr. Figgis adds appendixes from his published work. A review of the Life of Newman is bright and interesting, but does not add much to our knowledge of the subject or the writer; while some notes on 'Modernism versus Modernity' express with no undue heat some views of the author with which he had already made us familiar. A great interest of Dr. Figgis's books lies in their autobiographical touches, and here we have several of them: some apologizing for the absence of a knowledge which he obviously possesses, one at least of intimate revelation in regard to his own spiritual history.

It will be seen that Dr. Figgis does not give us any very new views. He is content to reiterate and enforce arguments which he has used before. But he continues to show a readiness to revise his judgments when they do not satisfy his more mature consideration. It was a prominent point in one of his earlier books that modern civilization was distinctly anti-Christian. He now does "not certainly say that it is." He still, however, repeats such a statement as that,

"in regard to the life of the Church, the question is not whether she is including, or is likely to include, a majority of the population, but whether the life that burns within her members is strong or weak";

when we think that, as an historian, he must admit that the question whether Christianity does or will include a majority of men is precisely a vital one. His wording is not happy when he says: "Unless we can be the Church of the poor, we had far better cease to be a Church at all." He might as well say "unless we can convert the wicked." He means "unless we actively try to be." We are glad to believe that the attempt is being made to-day.

Some slips need correction in the second edition, which Dr. Figgis's books

generally secure. His epigrams are less ebullient than of old, but we should be glad to see him remove such a sentence as "Unworthy to black the boots of a man like Newman, they did their best to shut his mouth."

COMIC VIEWS OF THE WAR.

THE war—if only in deference to the law of contraries—has its lighter side, and this has been duly brought out by various writers of rhymes and makers of pictures. Perhaps the best of the collections is 'The Crown Prince's First Lesson Book,' by Mr. George H. Powell, prefaced with the appropriate motto "Ridentem dicere vera Quid vetat?" The better-known nursery rhymes are adapted with point and ingenuity, notably 'Pat-a-Cake'—

Make it and shape it,
And mark it with G,
And put it in the atlas
For Daddy and me—

and 'The Kaiser's Dream of Three Ships a-Sailing.' 'The Imperialist' is a good résumé of the War-Lord's universalism, as are the 'Naval Maxims' of the policy of the High Seas Fleet. The one departure from nursery poesy is perhaps the best "number" of all:—

Shall I wave a white flag?
Shall I wave a red?
Will he look for khaki?
What shall wreathe my head?

with its conclusion—

Will the savage Briton
Let me have first shot?

'Nursery Rhymes for Fighting Times' is not so neat as the foregoing, and the Jingo note is too prevalent. "Baa baa, black sheep," however, is good, and the illustration apposite; while 'Prussia-Cat' has its point.

'The Mad Dog' is a very passable adaptation of Goldsmith's famous rhyme. Mr. Lewis Baumer's illustrations are excellent, especially "They swore the man would die." The verses interpolated are not of extraordinary merit, and probably the text would have been as good without them.

'A History of the War in 61 Cartoons,' edited by Satori Kato, gives us something of the Japanese point of view. The subject affords plenty of chances, which have been deftly seized, for the decorative style of the Far East. 'The German Crab' and 'The Lion and the Mouse' illustrate the Japanese conception of a Devil effectively; the 'Misplaced Emblem,' on the other hand, has rather a Mexican touch. The 'Order of the Boot' combines amusement with instruction concerning Japanese—and Allied—hopes.

The Crown Prince's First Lesson Book. By George H. Powell. (Grant Richards, 1s. net.)

Nursery Rhymes for Fighting Times. Written by Elphinstone Thorpe. Illustrated by G. A. Stevens. (Everett & Co., 1s. net.)

The Mad Dog of Potsdam. Adapted by Frederick Norton. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer after Caldecott. (Warne & Co., 1s. net.)

A History of the War in 61 Cartoons. Edited by Satori Kato of the *Shimpo*. (14, College Court, W., 6d. net.)

The Real Indian People: being More Tales and Sketches of the Masses. By Lieut.-Col. S. J. Thomson. (Blackwood & Sons, 7s. 6d. net.)

'THE REAL INDIAN PEOPLE,' by Lieut.-Col. S. J. Thomson of the Indian Medical Service, consists of nine detached tales or stories such as are found in magazines, enclosed between a chapter on the early history and religion of the Indian people, and a 'Conclusion' of 37 pages.

Throughout the author has set forth what he believes to be the sentiments of the agricultural inhabitants of India "regarding a few important matters which affect them very closely." He should be well qualified to deal with such questions, both because his profession appeals strongly to the natives of India, and because he has held the responsible position of Sanitary Commissioner in the United Provinces, involving duties which do not appeal to them at all.

The tales are pleasantly told, and convey a good idea of country and people. Here and there a statement open to question may be found, as on p. 49, where it is said that Hindus are fond of blue, though Mohammedans detest the colour. This surely is not generally correct, for in the dress of Pathans, the turbans of Peshawar, and in the uniforms of many Indian cavalry regiments blue predominates. The author is correct in stating that Akáls dress in blue. These Sikh zealots wear steel quoits (chakras) encircling their turbans: their name, being derived from *a*=not and *kál*=time, indicates their devotion to the Eternal.

The Preface and concluding chapter deserve praise for the advice they contain, especially as to going slow in such matters as education, sanitation, representation, and the like. The ignorant and inexperienced try to force these things on a reluctant people, and complain that they have tried this and tried that without success; the wiser man asks if they have tried letting the people alone. The remarks as to law and litigation are sound; many cases can be far better disposed of by the old system of the village *panchayat*, or council of five, than in the district courts. The author is fair to the police, and deprecates pushing so-called reform too far. He says:—

"Indians of all classes more or less dislike the Police, and charges of oppression, bribery, &c., are constantly being brought against the force. Confessions made on the spot are frequently retracted before a magistrate on the ground that they had been extorted by undue pressure. It is the favourite suggestion of the low-class lawyer in desperate cases. But although some of these accusations are undoubtedly true, the position of the guardians of the peace in India is extraordinarily difficult."

That is so, and the fact should always be kept in mind; popular sympathy, as we know from experience nearer home, is often with the evildoer.

The volume is well turned out, the type is good, and there is an Index.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

'KING ALBERT'S BOOK.'

IN its sincerity and achievement 'King Albert's Book' is worthy of the occasion; the sympathies and intellects of—we may almost say—the civilized world have been laid under contribution and have given of their best. Selection is practically impossible; every note is sounded—of sorrow, admiration and praise, sympathy and encouragement, as of hatred and biting contempt for those who designed and exploited the humiliation of a land little in area, but worldwide in heroism: their spirit is exposed in M. Rostand's scathing lines, of which every word finds its mark. Nor is our own poet, Mr. Kipling, far behind him. Comparing the two, we see how two minds may reach the same height, almost the same phrase, under stress of emotion:—

Belgique, c'est ton front que l'Aurore préfère !
Ceux-là sont dévolus aux ténèbres, qui n'ont
Mis l'obus le plus grand dans le plus grand canon
Que pour mieux empêcher l'Avenir de se faire !

And:—

All that they drew from Heaven above
Or digged from earth beneath,
They laid into their treasure-trove
And arsenals of death.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton expresses the corollary to this:—

"When he [the Kaiser] has blown everything to atoms, he will say, with an insane simplicity: 'I have made the largest window in the world.'"

The sorrow and heroism find equally high expression in the verses of Dr. Courtney and Annie Vivanti Chartres—to name only two among many who merit praise. Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. Alfred Noyes all have striking verses.

Nor are the prose tributes behind these in excellence: Mr. Asquith, in telling and restrained words; M. Paul Hervieu; Lord Fisher, with two fine quotations; Mr. John Galsworthy, in a notable imaginative passage, "I saw that the stars had not gone in, but shone there in the blue, crystals of immortality"; the Cardinal Archbishop of Reims; Dr. Verhaeren; Sir Herbert Tree, in dramatic form, striking for its irony; Mrs. Florence Barclay, in a brief tale unspoiled by any exuberance, and touching a vital spot in the imagination; and Romain Rolland, who has already challenged Gerhart Hauptmann with no response. Here he chooses Till Eulenspiegel as a representative of Flemish spirit, Eulenspiegel the immortal, who, thought to be dead, rises to sing another song.

But perhaps Sir John Jellicoe's message is as fine as any, for its brevity and truth:

"Even as Belgium has shown her heroism in deeds, while her sufferings are too bitter to express in words, so those of the Grand

King Albert's Book. (Published by 'The Daily Telegraph,' in conjunction with 'The Daily Sketch,' 'The Glasgow Herald,' and Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. net.)

Fleet trust to show their sympathy in deeds, knowing that silence becomes them best at all times."

That final phrase speaks for itself and its writer.

M. Maurice Donnay recalls the French "Marie Louise" conscripts of 1813:—

"Conscripts et volontaires belges, du nom de votre reine devenue belge par la couronne et par le cœur, ne pourrait-on pas vous appeler 'Les Élisabeth !'"

Musicians and painters have also given their due. Sir W. B. Richmond's 'Crown of Peace,' Mr. S. J. Solomon's 'Justice,' Mr. Shannon's 'St. Michael of Belgium' (perhaps the best of these), and Mr. Bernard Partridge's 'La Belgique, 1914,' are notable. Mr. William Nicholson's 'Belgian of To-morrow,' deliberately homely in treatment and composition, outlines the pathos and strength of the thought behind the subject. Mr. Raven-Hill strikes a humorous note in his drawing of the peasant who prophesies a bad end for "that there Kaysar: I've 'ad my eye on 'im for many a day!" The same touch is evident in Sir R. Baden-Powell's story of the little man who "downed" the big beery loafer.

Mr. Hall Caine, as editor, deserves praise for his selection of contributors, also for his dignified Introduction. The whole book, indeed, is a testimony to the ability of those who have organized its compilation and supervised it.

Old Friends and New Editions.

A NEW edition of Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, in two volumes (Liverpool, Henry Young & Sons, 30/ net), is welcome. It remains a temperate and appreciative biography, with more insistence on the social side of the poet's experiences, and reprehension of his partisan polemics, than one would be likely to find in any writer of to-day. Lockhart has not penetrated all the influences that made Burns what he was; his estimate of his best pieces is too much tinged with conventionality; but he does grip the fact, so well put by Henley, and by M. Angellier from an independent standpoint, that Burns was the lineal descendant of the old "Makars," the efflorescence of the national school of poetry, surviving in the memories or on the lips of the people. On the effect of the Reformation and the union of the crowns in depreciating the vernacular output of song he is not discursive; but at any rate he recognizes the *fortes ante Agamemnona*.

The proximate cause of the present issue, apart from Sir W. Raleigh's essay, we take to be the desire to correct many slips in dates and minor matters. This has often been successfully done, though not all the emendations have much bearing on the narrative. Four appendixes are added. The first concerns the paternal ancestry of Burns or Burness, which is traced two generations to Robert Burnes in Clochnahill, Dunottar, and Margaret Keith his wife, and is then lost among a number of people of the name in Glenbervie, also in the Mearns. No notice is taken of a theory lately broached, that the family changed their name, and were originally Argyllshire Celts. That they may have suffered with their Jacobite landlords, the Keiths, after 1715 is likely. The second excursus is on the Tarbolton love-affairs. This dismisses a "faked" claim of one

"Adjutant" Morrison, on a tombstone, to be the father of "Mary Morrison," and deals with the poet's attachment to Alison Begbie. The third treats again the much-discussed episode of Highland Mary, and gives some evidence as to the purchase of her grave, which shows that the ill-starred girl, whatever be her mysterious story, was not interred at Greenock before October 12th, 1786. Burns's solitary instance of reticence on the subject will probably continue to obscure it. A fourth essay treats of the Merry Muses, and the sad days of declension in spirit and body—the sad days of Dumfries.

Those who have been brought up in the strict path of æsthetic rectitude recognize none but TENNIEL as the illustrator of *Alice in Wonderland*. We welcome him the more in the admirable setting of the Riccardi Press (15/ net), with the perfection of print and paper achieved by the Medici Society. Perhaps the spacing of letters that replaces italics may seem strange to young readers; but the phenomenal diminuendo of the mouse's tale on p. 27 should compensate. Those who do not like this volume will be hard to please.

Messrs. Methuen have published an edition of Mrs. GASKELL's *Cranford* (3/6 net). The book contains black-and-white illustrations by MR. E. H. NEW which help one to realize the scene and spirit of the tale.

A new edition of *Helen's Babies* (Hutchinson, 6/ net) is certain of a welcome. The antics of Budge and Toddie are always engrossing, and Miss CARRIE SOLOMON's illustrations are plentiful and admirably chosen. Binding, paper, and print all combine to make this a most attractive book.

Fairy Tales.

There have been fewer books of original fairy-tales than usual this Christmas, but new editions of old favourites have come to fill the gap. A collection of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* (Raphael Tuck, 3/6 net), edited by MR. EDRIC VREDENBURG, contains thirty-one of the best-known tales, including 'Cinderella,' 'Hansel and Grethel,' and 'Tom Thumb.' MISS MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL's pictures of imps are the most delightful things of the kind we have seen lately, and her variations in facial expression are hardly less clever. We like the costumes too, and the colour-schemes, but find her drawing of arms and fingers both odd and ugly.

MR. EDRIC VREDENBURG has also written a book of charming fairy-stories in *Golden Locks and Pretty Frocks* (Raphael Tuck, 3/6 net). MISS HILDA HART and MISS GRACE FLOYD have also contributed to a book which should be hailed with joy in many nurseries. MISS AGNES RICHARDSON's illustrations, both in colour and black and white, are acceptable, but we think it rather a mistake to depict the "Lady Helen," who put her husband and his sons into a dungeon and starved them, as a sweet-faced child.

MISS MARY CARRUTHERS shows a rare gift of delicate fancy in her *Book of Magic Tales* (Pilgrim Press, 3/6 net). She has a happy knack of writing in a way that will delight children, and at the same time make a deeper appeal to their elders. We are glad to encounter again the truly royal princess whose sleep was ruined by a pea under all her mattresses, and discover that she has grown very human. MISS LILIAN HALL's illustrations are good, but we should have liked to see them coloured. Perhaps they will be in the nursery.

Bible Stories and Saints.

MISS THEODORA WILSON WILSON has followed up the success of her 'Stories from the Bible' by a new volume entitled **More Stories from the Bible** (Blackie, 3/6), which is also obtainable in two parts: **More Old Testament Stories** and **More New Testament Stories** (1/6 each). MR. ARTHUR A. DIXON has provided twenty-four coloured plates. His sense of colour is exceptionally good, and the Eastern scenes are faithfully reproduced.

In **Our Wonderful Bible** (S.P.C.K., 2/ net) MISS GERTRUDE HOLLIS gives a short account of its history and composition. The book is illustrated with photographs, including several facsimile pages of famous editions of the Bible.

Though boasting none of the attractions of coloured illustrations, **In the Country of the Story**, by J. A. STAUNTON BARRY (Mowbray, 2/), is not a book that will be set down before the end is reached by any young people who begin it. It tells about the life of Christ, and also brings in stories of the present year, making an appeal especially to those who seek good Sunday reading for their little people.

The story of St. Francis of Assisi is one of those least obscured by legend among the early Italian giants of the Church, and Francis Bernardone is the most gentle and lovable of teachers. In **God's Troubadour** (Duckworth, 3/6 net) MISS SOPHIE JEWETT gives a lucid account of the life of the saint and his "Little Poor Brothers." But while such legends as that of 'Brother Wolf' will undoubtedly appeal to the imaginative and contain an excellent lesson, it seems a pity to include them without an explanation in what is in many respects a genuine biography.

Ye Palmerman, by the REV. ARTHUR TOOTH, illustrated by MR. THOMAS DERRICK (Fisher Unwin, 5/), is a rather fantastic, but not unattractive production, which, with a little parental help and interpretation, may be of interest for children, though the illustrations may well have a more direct appeal. The sayings of the "Palmerman" have a useful and sufficient relation to what we may call the elements of religion, but there is an occasional affectation in the wording which does not please us. The lettering and style of design might well be applied further in the same field of thought; there are many hymns and prayers and legends that would gain the childish mind by such a setting.

For the Nursery.

We have received a selection of Messrs. Dean's series of Patent Rag Books, which are famous for their durable and hygienic qualities. They vary in price from 4d. to 6s. Sixpence will secure pictures and rhymes about wilful **Arabella Jane**, or a book of trains **On the Line**; and **The Animal A B C** and **When I Grow Up** can be had for 1s. each. **Santa Claus** (2s.) contains a story of Christmas Eve in rhyme and pictures by MR. E. LUTTON; and **Tick Tack** (2/6) has pictures by MR. H. G. C. MARSH and a clock-face with movable hands. The "Fluffidown" Series are a novelty of this season, and include **Baby Animals** (3/6) and **The Big Animal Rag Book** (6/). They are made of a soft material with the texture of flannel, such as children like to touch.

Me: Baby writes a Book (Blackie, 2/6) has but a thin thread of narrative, the story being principally told by MISS S. ROSAMOND PRAEGER's illustrations. The humorous touches in many of these will appeal more to fathers and mothers than to small children.

The Tiny Folk's Annual (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 2/ net), edited by MRS. HERBERT STRANG, tells simple stories in very large print; but its chief attractions for the little ones will be the numerous full-page coloured illustrations, charming in design, and excellently printed.

It would indeed be disappointing if Christmas came without something new in the way of a picture-book by MR. FRANK ADAMS. MISS JESSIE POPE's increasing fluency and real sense of humour make her co-operation most valuable. **Three Jolly Anglers** (Blackie, 2/6) is a lay of piscatorial fraud and humbug which young and old alike can enjoy.

The War, &c.

Histories of the war written especially for children are already beginning to appear. The latest is **The War, 1914: a History and an Explanation for Boys and Girls**, by MRS. ELIZABETH O'NEILL (Jack, 1/6 net). The use throughout of the past tense seems a little odd, but the author has isolated a part of the conflict, and thus regards it as finished. The chief events and causes of the war are narrated clearly, but we think the book would have been improved by a few lighter touches and corrections of detail. "Serbia" and "Serbia," "Servians" and "Serbians," all appear within sight of each other. There are some elaborate illustrations evolved by well-known artists from sketches made on the spot.

MISS NELLIE POLLOCK, in **Belgian Playmates** (Gay & Hancock, 1/6 net), has told the story of the early days of the war very simply, and in the form of a story which will reach the understanding of tiny children. There is not much in the book, but what there is is well done.

Our Wonderful Cathedrals (S.P.C.K., 2/ net), by MISS GERTRUDE HOLLIS, contains a short history and description of twelve English cathedrals, with legends and important historical events connected with them. It is a pity that in mentioning the various styles of architecture, the author did not add a short description of the salient points of difference between them. Such terms as "Decorated" and "Perpendicular" will convey nothing to the average child. The book is fully illustrated with coloured plates and photographs.

The Fellowship of Books (2/6 net), published by MR. T. N. FOULIS, includes passages from 'The Scholar,' by Southey; 'The Pleasures of Reading,' by MR. A. J. BALFOUR; 'Of Studies,' by Bacon; and the 'Areopagitica' of Milton. MR. BYAM SHAW has supplied four water-colour drawings.

MISS C. M. RUTLEY has evidently taken 'The Heroes' as her model for the collection of Greek tales in **The God of the Silver Bow** (Headley, 2/6 net), but has wisely not challenged comparison by choosing the stories which Kingsley told in inimitable style. Miss Rutley's stories cover a wide field, and are drawn with care from trustworthy sources. Bellerophon and Hercules represent the class of tales dealt with in 'The Heroes'; many of the myths concerning the gods of ancient Greece are incorporated in 'The God of the Silver Bow' and 'The Franks of Hermes'; the legends of Orpheus and of Psyche are charmingly told; and the drama of Euripides has been drawn upon for the beautiful story of 'Alcestis.' The author tells her tales well, and sometimes dramatically. The illustrations are photographs from excellent sources, including the wonderful 'Homer' after Harry Bates.

We have received from Messrs. Cassell a large selection of **Letts's Diaries** for 1915: no fewer than eleven varieties, not to mention two Calendars and an Almanac. There are half a dozen of the pocket size: neat little volumes, of which one is specially for the use of doctors. The "Office" Diaries are also adequate to their purpose.

Another consignment comes from Messrs. De La Rue, which is neat and admirably printed, as usual. Two of the Diaries, bound in red, are specially commendable: one is for the waistcoat pocket, and the other supplies accommodation for stamps, cards, and even money.

Strang (Herbert), THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT LEARN, "Children's Hour" Series, 1/ Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton

A story of a little boy who lived in the reign of King Stephen, with a moral for children who have not discovered the importance of learning lessons.

Sunshine Book (The), 2/ Dean
Includes the alphabet illustrated in colour with pictures of animals, and a story in verse entitled 'Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats.' The book is mounted on cotton cloth with stiff covers.

Taylor (H. T.), ST. PAUL, 1/ net. Wells Gardner

A simple life of St. Paul, with adequate Scriptural quotations, and illustrations in colour and black and white by Mr. C. Ayton Symington.

Turle (Frederica J.), THE GAP IN THE FENCE, 1/ Sunday School Union

The "gap in the fence" is between two gardens, in one of which lives a lonely little girl whose father is a Russian anarchist. After his death she lives with her playmates on the other side of the fence.

Two Jolly Mariners, 2/ Blackie
The exciting adventures of Dick and Jim, told in verse and pictured by Stewart Orr.

Vernon (Amy Cripps), DEREK'S HERO, 1/6 S.P.C.K.

The tale of a schoolboy's admiration for the captain of his school, and of the part a "crib" played in their friendship.

Watson (Anna Robinson), GOLDEN DEEDS ON THE FIELD OF HONOR, 2/ net. Macmillan

True stories of the deeds of young American heroes during the Civil War—records which, as the author says, "feed the high traditions of the world"; but books for children seem incomplete without illustrations.

Whitehead (Frances M.), IN THE LILAC GARDEN, 2/6 Skeffington

This is the story of a little girl, her pets, and her garden.

Whitehouse (F. Cowley), ROB WYLIE OF JORDANS, 3/6 Blackie

A story of life at a boys' public school, with an exciting interlude in the shape of a holiday spent in Constantinople.

Whitworth (Geoffrey), THE CHILD'S A B C OF THE WAR, 1/ Allen & Unwin

This alphabet of the war is brightly illustrated in the colours of the Allies' national flags by Mr. Stanley North.

Wilson (Theodora Wilson), THE DAUNTLESS THREE, 3/6 Nelson

The exciting adventures of three young people in the Lake District.

Young (Filson), A CHRISTMAS CARD, 1/ net. Secker

An essay on the spirit of hope in which the New Year should be met.

FICTION.

First Cousin to a Dream. By Cyril Harcourt. (John Lane, 6s.)

THIS is an account of the further adventures of Jerry and Ursula, whose early history was the theme of 'The World's Daughter.' There is no clearly defined plot, and the story is slight, being mainly concerned with the wanderings of two married lovers who veil with a sparkling flippancy of speech and enjoyment of the present the yearning that they both feel for the realization of a dream. But then the dream is banished by its "first cousin"—Reality. The descriptions of the places they visited are artistically handled. Capri, Sorrento, the Bay of Naples (with its brooding guardian Vesuvius), Rome, Milan, Territet, Geneva and the villages of Switzerland, and several spots in England are sketched in with a few deft strokes of the pen.

Mr. Harcourt writes with an infectious animation and a whimsical gaiety that are attractive. Neither his humour nor his delicate touches of pathos are exaggerated, and he is happy in such interludes as that concerning the Swiss cow.

Children of Banishment. By F. W. Sullivan. (Putnam's Sons, 6s.)

THE author reveals strong emotional power in this book. There is not much plot, but what there is is clear and consistent. The whole story is grouped round three characters—two men, and a woman who is the wife of one of them. The atmosphere is as pure and invigorating as the untrodden wilds of the North in which the scene is laid. Honour, truth, and integrity are the ideals which hold sway, and the characters emerge from the fires of conflicting passions "like fine gold." The author's keen insight into character ranks him as a student of psychology.

The Secret of the Reef. By Harold Bindloss. (Ward & Lock, 6s. net.)

'THE SECRET OF THE REEF' gives admirable opportunities which Mr. Bindloss uses well. Vancouver Island and the regions in that part of the world are unquestionably sure foothold for him, and he knows and can tell us of the lives and deeds of the men who frequent that far-away land. The actual secret of the reef has some analogy to that of 'The Wrecker'—there is the same idea of preventing the discovery of mysterious cargo in the lost ship. But the book is far more matter-of-fact—indeed, it might well be taken from actual life; whereas Stevenson's is pure romance made into living flesh and blood. However, Mr. Bindloss gives us an interesting story, and incidentally a strong side-light on "business" methods which imply an odd code of morals. The best "business man" of the gang repents, we are glad to find, just before his death, and redeems his evil deeds; and the hero, whose part it was to bring these to light, attains to competence, and even fortune, by his energy, industry, and uprightness.

Pink Lotus: a Comedy in Kashmir. By May Crommelin. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE," the heroine's remark concerning her own destiny, is the best comment upon the plot of this book. Action, conversation, and animation abound, but the working out of the plot depends upon a number of happy coincidences. The heroine, accompanied by her dearest friend, goes to India in quest of an unknown cousin, whom she is bound in honour to marry by the terms of a will. Two cousins are found, and she, unfortunately and unknowingly, bestows her affections upon the wrong one. Complications arise, but the situation is saved by the right cousin. The last few chapters are undiluted romance, and leave a conviction that at least one member of the party would ever afterwards wish to live down the remembrance of having behaved in so futile a fashion. The characters are conventional, with the exception of the hero, who has the unusual and doubtful attraction of showing "thirty-six flawless teeth" when laughing.

The author would do well to study the labour market with regard to women's wages before she again gives her heroine a private income of 240*l.* a year—irrespective of an estate—and a dreary prospect of making her own living on a small scale.

The chief merit of the book lies in its descriptive power, the setting being better than the story.

The Dice of Love. By Edmund Bosanquet. (John Long, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a *mésalliance* and the atmosphere of friction which inevitably follows. Tommy Kyrdagh was so used to the discomfort of his home that he does not notice it until he returns after a long absence. Then he is saddened and depressed at finding that his mother seems vulgar, and his father disillusioned and grown old. Into this atmosphere come two girls: one a girl of his father's class, refined and reserved; and the other a gay, plebeian little heiress, good-natured and seductive, and, further, armed with a beautiful voice. Tommy is torn between the two when his father dies intestate. Everything, as usual, comes right in the end, and he marries the girl whom he really loves. It is a conventional story told in a conventional way. There are several instructive chapters on the art of shooting and on "good form."

A Water-Fly's Wooing. By Annesley Kenealy. (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

MISS KENEALY deals in a poignant fashion with the mating of white men and women with coloured peoples and its deplorable effects. With a stinging whip she lashes the faults and follies of her generation, the unhealthy craving for sensation, and the growth of decadence, as shown in the bizarre costumes and manners of the present age. Such preachments are not often good art, and in her attempt to be forcible she has spoilt the book. The

characterization, truthful up to a certain point, is ruined by exaggeration. The style might well be lightened by the removal of many superfluous adjectives. It is a pity that Miss Kenealy has not fulfilled the promise of her excellent opening chapter.

Come Out to Play: a Novel. By M. E. F. Irwin. (Constable & Co., 6s.)

"A DREAM NOVEL" might be the sub-title of this book. From beginning to end an impersonal detached atmosphere is maintained such as might be created by the telling of an imperfectly remembered dream. In this lies the success of the book, as it is the achievement of the author's aim.

The first few chapters portraying the dreamlike attitude of a young child towards life are an excellent study. "Truffles" Lemaigue (whose foolish nickname wearies by its repetition) never grows up in his conception of life. It remains to him a succession of unreal scenes, through which he passes as one half-asleep. At times the atmosphere becomes somewhat strained and thin; it would have been better maintained by an occasional glimpse of vivid reality. The author does not succeed in showing the mental or temperamental kink in Truffles which controlled him; there is no apparent reason why he should not wake up; and, while the book prepares the reader for his drifting into "the legions of the lost ones," it does not warrant his sudden whirl of tumultuous passion and tragic end. It is a dream culminating in a nightmare. The book, however, shows great promise.

The Cruise of the Rattler. By Ernest Richards. (C. H. Kelly, 3s. 6d.)

THE book has—and deserves—the sub-title 'Privateering on the Spanish Main': it should, therefore, unless boys have changed, attract their instant attention; more than this, it should justify that attention all through. Adventure follows adventure in admirably thrilling sequence, and there are half-a-dozen fights with hostile ships vividly described.

The Blind Side of the Heart. By F. E. Crichton. (Maunsell & Co., 6s. net.)

IN this story the work of an English engineer takes him to a remote part of Ireland. Here he falls in love with a girl who is generally occupied in communing with fairies. Before long his unimaginative, matter-of-fact temperament finds that it cannot have any part in the world she lives in, and they agree to separate. When his work is finished he returns home, and is at once engaged to a former unofficial fiancée. This slight story rises above mediocrity solely by virtue of the excellent dialogue, which is in turn humorous and sentimental, with excursions into rhapsody and tragedy. This is one of those infrequent novels which distinctly improve in style as they proceed. In the first chapter or two we find a mass of clichés.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

THEOLOGY.

Frere (W. H.), SOME PRINCIPLES OF LITURGICAL REFORM, a Contribution towards the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer, 2/6 net. John Murray

A second edition.

Headlam (Arthur C.), THE MIRACLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, 6/ net. John Murray
The Moorhouse Lectures for 1914, delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.

Morgan (H. T.), PORT ROYAL, AND OTHER STUDIES, 3/6 net. Longmans
Extracts from the writings of the Rev. H. T. Morgan on Port Royal, Pascal, and La Mère Angélique, edited by "E. C. M.," together with a biographical sketch by the Rev. R. J. Mackay and a Postscript by the Rev. E. F. Russell.

New Testament. Milford
A small volume with rounded corners and coloured illustrations. The Pocket Testament League is distributing this edition among the soldiers on Salisbury Plain.

Petavel (Rev. E.), GOD'S PLAN IN EVOLUTION, translated by the Rev. H. W. C. Geldart, 1/6 Elliot Stock
This essay originally appeared in the *Revue Chrétienne* in 1899.

Peters (John Punnett), THE RELIGION OF THE HEBREWS, 11/8 net. Ginn
Vol. V. of "Handbooks on the History of Religions," edited by Prof. Morris Jastrow.

Smith (H. Maynard), THE EPISTLE OF S. JAMES: LECTURES, 6/ net. Oxford, Blackwell
Lectures by a parish priest, delivered to a mixed congregation.

Walpole (G. H. S.), THE GOSPEL OF HOPE, 2/ net. Robert Scott
Thoughts on the hope of immortality, of rest, of progress and purification, and of fellowship, especially designed as a message of comfort to those bereaved through the war.

POETRY.

Blair (Wilfrid), FOR BELGIUM, 1/ net. Oxford, Blackwell
The majority of these verses are reprinted from *The Sunday Times*. The proceeds from the sale will be given to *The Daily Telegraph* Shilling Fund.

Meyerstein (E. H. W.), THREE ODES, 3d. Oxford, Blackwell
Three odes entitled 'To a Composer, Thought Forgotten,' 'Nothing,' and 'The Exaltation.'

Newbolt (Henry), THE ISLAND RACE, 2/6 net. Elkin Mathews
A collection of short poems, including those published in 1897 under the title of 'Admirals All.'

Oxenham (John), A LITTLE TR DEUM OF THE COMMONPLACE; AND THE BALLAD OF RUEFUL SOULS, 1d. each. Methuen
Both are reprinted from the twenty-first edition of the author's 'Bees in Amber.'

Patriotic Songs, 1d. Patriotic Publishing Co.
Includes National Anthems of the Allies, patriotic songs, and new songs to old tunes.

Thompson (Edward J.), ENNERDALE BRIDGE, AND OTHER POEMS, 2/6 net. C. H. Kelly
'Ennerdale Bridge' is a monody for a friend who was drowned. The volume also includes religious and secular verses, and a play, 'The Ghost's Tragedy.'

Watkins-Pitchford (John), POETICAL WORKS, 12/6 Ward & Lock
The author, who was for thirty-six years Vicar of St. Jude's, Southwark, himself set in type and printed this volume of nearly nine hundred pages unaided. The edition is limited to fifty copies.

PHILOSOPHY.

Stalker (James), CHRISTIAN PSYCHOLOGY, 5/ Hodder & Stoughton
Lectures on psychology in its religious aspects delivered at the Richmond and Auburn Seminaries, U.S.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Library Association Record, NOVEMBER, 2/ net. The Association
Includes an article by Mr. John Cotton Dana on 'The Legitimate Field of the Municipal Public Library,' and a report of the proceedings and official notices of the Library Association.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Ellenborough (Right Hon. Lord), THE GUILT OF LORD COCHRANE, 12/6 net. Smith & Elder

A rejoinder to the attacks on Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, who presided at the trial of Lord Cochrane for fraud in 1814, and was subsequently criticized in 'The Autobiography of a Seaman' (1860).

Fletcher (C. R. L.), THE MAKING OF WESTERN EUROPE, BEING AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE THE FORTUNES OF THE CHILDREN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: VOL. II. THE FIRST RENAISSANCE, 7/6 net. John Murray

A history of the nations of Western Europe during the eleventh and twelfth centuries to the eve of the Third Crusade. It is illustrated with maps and genealogical tables, and a full Index is given.

Harper (Edith K.), STEAD: THE MAN, 7/6 net. Rider

Personal reminiscences of W. T. Stead, and details of his investigations in the field of psychical research, with an Introduction by Sir Alfred Turner.

Macmillan (Donald), THE LIFE OF ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D., 12/ net. Hodder & Stoughton

A biography of Prof. Flint, with special attention to his doctrinal system and his contribution to Theism.

Morton (Alex. S.), GALLOWAY AND THE COVENANTERS, 7/6 net. Alexander Gardner

A description of the struggle for religious liberty by the Covenanters in the South-West of Scotland from the time of Knox to the coming of William of Orange.

Royal Historical Society, TRANSACTIONS, THIRD SERIES, VOL. VIII.

7, South Square, Gray's Inn
The volume includes Prof. C. H. Firth's presidential address delivered last February: 'The Authenticity of the "Lords' Journals" in the Sixteenth Century,' by Dr. A. F. Pollard; and 'Mounted Infantry in Medieval Warfare,' by Dr. J. E. Morris.

Vibart (Col. Henry M.), THE LIFE OF GENERAL SIR HARRY N. D. PRENDERGAST, 15/ net. Eveleigh Nash

An account of the life and campaigns in India and Burma of a great soldier.

Vickers (Roy), LORD ROBERTS: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE, 1/ net. Pearson

A popular account of Lord Roberts's career.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Little (Frances Delaney), SKETCHES IN POLAND, 9/ net. Melrose

Studies of places and people in Poland, with an historical postscript and illustrations in colour by the author.

Smith (W. Spooner), TRAVEL NOTES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN, \$1.50. Boston, Gorham Press

The author made a tour of the world at the age of 88, and has published his experiences in the hope that they "may spur on other old people to the genuine enjoyment of life."

Voyage of H.M.S. Pandora, 6/ net. Francis Edwards

Mr. Basil Thomson has added an Introduction and notes to the narratives of Capt. Edward Edwards and George Hamilton, Surgeon, of H.M.S. Pandora concerning her voyage in search of the mutineers of the Bounty in the South Seas, 1790-91.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Saunders (Montagu), THE MYSTERY IN THE DROOD FAMILY, 3/ net. Cambridge University Press

An essay embodying a new theory concerning the solution of the mystery contained in Dickens's unfinished novel.

Welby (T. Earle), SWINBURNE: A CRITICAL ESSAY, 4/6 net. Elkin Mathews

A study of the poet's career and work.

WAR PUBLICATIONS.

Boulger (Demetrius C.), ENGLAND'S ARCH-ENEMY, 6/ net.

The Author, 12, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.
A collection of essays explaining the purpose of German policy during the last sixteen years, reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review*, *The Nineteenth Century* and *After*, and other periodicals.

Cleirens (Florimond), A PLAIN TALE FROM MALINES, translated by R. W. B. Pugh, 1/ net. Oxford, Blackwell

The author is a Belgian refugee, at present living in Oxford. He gives here an account of his own experiences in Belgium during the first six weeks of the war. The Mayor of Oxford supplies an Introduction, and there are a few illustrations.

Confessions (The) of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, and the Life of Frederick the Great, by Heinrich von Treitschke, now for the first time translated into English by Douglas Sladen, 1/ net. Hutchinson

Mr. Sladen's purpose is to show General von Bernhardt's indebtedness to Frederick the Great.

Coutts (John), HOMELY THOUGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR, ITS DEVELOPMENT AND RESULTS, 2d. Wood Green, G. Lyal

A discussion of various aspects of the war, written from a religious point of view.

Martin (Edward S.), THE WAR WEEK BY WEEK: OBSERVATIONS FROM 'LIFE,' \$1 net. New York, Dutton

American views on the succeeding phases of the war.

Rose (J. Holland), THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR, 2/ net. Cambridge University Press

Lectures delivered in Cambridge during the Michaelmas Term of this year.

MILITARY.

Despatches of Sir John French, Vol. I., 1/ net. Chapman & Hall

Sir John French's despatches from Mons, the Marne, the Aisne, and Flanders, with a map and a complete list of the names of those mentioned in despatches.

MAPS.

Photo-Relief Model War Map of Central Europe, 1/ net. Philip

Size 23 in. by 36 in., with mountains in relief, and other physical features, railways, and fortified towns clearly indicated.

ECONOMICS.

Cox (Harold), THE ECONOMIC STRENGTH OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1d. Macmillan

A statement of the satisfactory state of trade and finance in Great Britain at the present time.

PHILOLOGY.

Bishop (E. V.), FLEMISH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-FLEMISH VEST-POCKET DICTIONARY, 1/ net. L. Hill

The dictionary includes conversations and idioms.

Shops and Shopping Phrase Book, 6d. net. L. Hill
Phrases in common use, with their correct pronunciation in English, French, and Flemish.

FICTION.

Bain (F. W.), A SYRUP OF THE BEES, Vol. XI. of "The Indian Stories of F. W. Bain," 132/6 per set of 11 vols. Medici Society

See *Athen.*, Oct. 24, p. 423.

Carroll (Rev. P. J.), ROUND ABOUT HOME, \$1 Indiana, Notre Dame, Ave Maria Press

A collection of Irish sketches and short stories.

Fleming (Noel), KILLED IN ACTION, AND OTHER WAR STORIES, 1/ net. Allen & Unwin

Seven short stories on the war.

Mille (Pierre), UNDER THE TRICOLOUR, 3/6 net. Lane

An authorized translation by M. Bérangère Drillon of 'Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes,' a series of short stories of the French Colonial Infantry, with eight illustrations by Miss Helen McKie.

JUVENILE.

Biddell (Amy I.), CHRISTMAS-TIME, 1/6 net. Elliot Stock

A fairy play for children.

Christmas (Walter), THE MILLIONAIRE BOY, 3/6 net. Eveleigh Nash

The story of a little millionaire who grew tired of being always surrounded by the evidences of wealth, changed clothes with a newsboy, and met with many adventures.

Marone (Flora), THE GUINEA DOLL, 8d. net. St. Catherine Press

A story for children written in rhymes, and in the form of a play. It is published in aid of the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund.

Rawlins (Margaret A.), WICKED WILLIE, 2/6 net. Longmans

The story of the quarrels in Dame Europa's School, and of the mischief which the wicked bully Willie did in little Albert's rooms.

Stratton-Porter (Gene), FRECKLES, 6/ net. John Murray

A new edition with illustrations by Mr. Thomas Fogarty.

Waggaman (Mary T.), THE SECRET OF POCOMOKE, 75 cents. Indiana, The Notre Dame Maria Press

The story of a little country girl who goes to live with some fashionable relatives in the city. The "secret" is not revealed until the end.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

Colour, 1/ net. Wm. Dawson
The December number contains several short stories and poems; an article on 'The Vampire in Myth and Legend,' by Miss Katharine Nixey; and many reproductions in colour, among the more notable of which are 'Spring,' by Mr. Louis A. Sargent; 'The Wild Swans,' by Luis Masiera; and 'A Spanish Boy,' by Mr. Glyn Philpot.

Ecclesiastical Review, DECEMBER, 15/ per annum. Washbourne

The contents include 'The Virgin Birth of our Lord,' by the Very Rev. Humphrey Moynihan; 'The Priest in the French Army,' by the Very Rev. Joseph F. Sollier; and 'A Recent History of Freedom of Thought,' by Dr. A. W. Centner.

Poetry and Drama, 2/6 net. Poetry Bookshop
The December number includes a second article on 'Impressionism,' by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and a new poem by M. Émile Verhaeren. *Poetry and Drama* will be suspended for one year, but will reappear (circumstances permitting) early in 1916.

Political Quarterly, DECEMBER, 3/ net. Milford
The Bishop of Lincoln writes on 'The Church and the War,' Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee on 'The Slav Peoples,' and Mr. F. G. D'Aeth on 'The Administration of Public Relief Funds.'

YEAR-BOOKS AND CALENDARS.

Calendar for Patriots, 1/ net. St. Catherine Press
Extracts from numerous topical publications, including M. Émile Cammaert's poem on Belgium reprinted from *The Observer*. Published in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund.

Catholic Social Year-Book for 1915, edited by the Central Executive of the Catholic Social Guild, 6d. net. King

The subjects dealt with in this issue include 'Social Results of the War' and 'Some Moral Dangers of War Time.' Some of the articles are 'War and the Spirit of Self-Sacrifice,' by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, and 'The Boy Scouts,' by the Bishop of Cambrayopolis.

Churchman's Year-Book, 1915, 2/ net. Mowbray
This is the seventh year of issue, and the volume has been revised and enlarged. It contains sections on 'Biographies,' 'General Information,' and 'Church Services.'

Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, &c., of Great Britain and Ireland for 1915, 10/6 net. Simpkin & Marshall

The seventy-fifth annual issue has been remodelled and enlarged to include all immediate living relatives of the present and former heads of titled families.

Englishwoman's Year-Book, 1915, 2/6 net. Black
The section on 'Professions for Women' has this year been extended to include articles on 'Architecture,' by Miss Annie Hall, and 'Engineering,' by Miss Griff. There is also a general article on 'Child Welfare' in Part II.

Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1915, 1/ net. Black

Besides the usual features, a 'Directory of Editors' and an article on 'Publishers' Agreements' have been added to this edition, and the main list of publications enlarged by the inclusion of many of the principal provincial papers.

GENERAL.

Aberystwyth Studies by Members of the University College of Wales, VOL. II., 3/6

Aberystwyth, the College
This volume contains the conclusion of Mr. George A. Wood's paper on 'The Anglo-Saxon Riddles,' 'Some Ancient Defensive Earthworks near Aberystwyth,' by Mr. F. S. Wright; and 'Whitman and Verhaeren,' by Mr. P. M. Jones.

Begbie (Harold), THE BED-BOOK OF HAPPINESS, 5/ Hodder & Stoughton
A second edition, revised and enlarged, and dedicated to the Red Cross Society's patients.

English Association, BULLETIN, No. 24.
Including reports of the Annual and Autumn Meetings, and the proceedings of the branches.

English Association: WORDSWORTH'S PATRIOTIC POEMS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE TO-DAY, by F. S. BOAS; BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF SWINBURNE, MORRIS, AND ROSSETTI, by Prof. C. E. VAUGHAN.
Two pamphlets supplied to members of the Association.

Iliad of Homer, done into English Prose by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers, Globe Edition, 3/6 Macmillan
A new issue.

Maeterlinck (Maurice), THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS, translated by Alfred Allinson, 1/ net. Allen & Unwin
This essay first appeared in the *Pleiade* in 1886.

Morris (William), COLLECTED WORKS, with Introductions by his Daughter, May Morris: VOL. XXI. THE SUNDERING FLOOD, UNFINISHED ROMANCES; VOL. XXII. HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART, LECTURES ON ART AND INDUSTRY, 12 guineas a set. Longmans
Two further volumes in this edition.

Pavitt (William Thomas and Kate), THE BOOK OF TALISMANS, AMULETS, AND ZODIACAL GEMS, 7/6 net. Rider

The authors describe the mystic qualities ascribed to gems at various times, with comments on astrology and occultism.

True Irish Ghost Stories, compiled by St. John D. Seymour and Harry L. Neligan, 3/6 net. Milford

A collection of ghost-tales which the authors received "as first- or second-hand experiences" from "ladies and gentlemen whose statement on an ordinary matter of fact would be accepted without question."

Voragine (Jacobus de), THE GOLDEN LEGEND: Lives of the Saints, 3/ net. Cambridge University Press

Twenty-two lives of the saints, selected from Caxton's translation from the thirteenth-century Latin of Jacobus de Voragine, and edited by Prof. George V. O'Neill.

PAMPHLETS.

Osborn (Albert S.), THE RELATION OF LIGHT TO THE PROOF OF DOCUMENTS.

This paper was read before the Illuminating Engineering Society last September at Cleveland, Ohio.

SCIENCE.

Frings (J. W.), GOD IN THE UNIVERSE, 3/6 net. Rider

"An analysis and comparison of mental and physical life processes and stellar and cosmic evolution."

Memoirs of the Geological Survey, Scotland: THE GEOLOGY OF CAITHNESS, by C. B. Crampton and R. G. Carruthers, with contributions by John Horne and others, 4/ Fisher Unwin
An account of the Old Red Sandstone of the county. With it we have received two colour-printed sheets, Nos. 110 and 116, of South-East and North-East Caithness respectively. They are on a scale of one inch to a mile, and are issued at 2/6 each.

Richardson (S. S.), MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY, INCLUDING THE PRINCIPLES OF ELECTRICAL MEASUREMENTS, 4/6 Blackie
A revised edition.

Royal Astronomical Society, MONTHLY NOTICES, VOL. LXXV. No. 1, 2/6 Wesley
Some of the papers in this number are 'Note on the Meaning of the So-called Third Star Stream Drift O,' by Dr. H. H. Turner; 'The Absorption of Light in Space,' by Mr. H. S. Jones; and 'Mean Areas and Heliographic Latitudes of Sun-Spots in the Year 1913.'

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Fraser (G. M.), THE ABERDONIANS AND OTHER LOWLAND SCOTS, 1/ Aberdeen, William Smith
A monograph on the racial origins in Lowland Scotland, based largely on burghal records in Aberdeen. It is reproduced in part from articles in *The Aberdeen Free Press*.

FINE ARTS.

Catalogue of Sculpture by Auguste Rodin, 3d.

Victoria and Albert Museum
The catalogue of the collection of works presented by the sculptor to the British nation October last in commemoration of the Anglo-French alliance. Mr. E. R. D. MacLagan, Assistant-Keeper of the Department of Architecture and Sculpture, is responsible for the compilation and an Introductory Note on M. Rodin.

Cox (George J.), POTTERY, 5/6 net. Macmillan
A description in simple terms for artists, craftsmen, and teachers of some of the processes of making pottery, with illustrations by the author.

Harper (Robert Francis), ASSYRIAN AND BABYLONIAN LETTERS, Part XIV., 24/ net. Cambridge Univ. Press for Univ. of Chicago Press
The texts of 102 tablets belonging to the Kouyunjik collections of the British Museum.

MUSIC.

Bantock (Granville), FESTIVAL MARCH, Arrangement for Pianoforte Solo, 2/ net. Novello

Brewer (A. Herbert), WHEN CHILDREN GO A-MAYING, Song, Words by Edward Teschemacher, 2/ net. Novello

Dvorák (Antonín), INVOCATION, Air for Soprano from 'The Spectre's Bride,' 2/ net. Novello

Fletcher (Percy E.), HONEYSUCKLE LANE, Song, Words by Freda Gayne, 2/ net. Novello

Fletcher (Percy E.), SECRET OF MY HEART, Song, Words by Ed. Teschemacher, 2/ net. Novello

McNaught (W.), BARCAROLLE FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE, 2/ net. Novello

Novello's Part-Song Book: No. 1308, THE BIRTHRIGHT, Marching Song, Words by George A. Stocks, Music by Edward Elgar, 3d.

Novello's School Music: THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER, Short Operetta for Children's Voices, the Words adapted from Grimm's Fairy Tales by Miss Hopwood, Music by W. McNaught, the Dances arranged by Miss Margaret A. Hughes, 6d.

Novello's School Songs: BOOK 248, THE BIRD NEST, a Cycle of Six Two-Part Songs by Myle B. Foster (9d.); No. 760, THE BIRTHRIGHT Marching Song for Boys, for Unison Singing, with Accompaniment for Bugles and Drums, Words by George A. Stocks, Music by Edward Elgar (1½d.).

Original Compositions for the Organ (New Series): No. 34, PRELUDE IN G MINOR, composed by W. S. Vale, 1/ net. Novello

Prior (J. T.), THE KHAKI AND THE GUN, Patriotic Song, 1d. Novello

Sonneck (Oscar George Theodore), THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, 85 cents.

Washington, Government Printing Office
This is an account of the origin of Francis Scott Key's poem, and a history of the tune, 'To Anacreon in Heaven,' to which it is sung. It has been revised and enlarged from a 'Report' issued on the subject in 1909.

DRAMA.

Hagedorn (Hermann), MAKERS OF MADNESS, 4/6 net. Macmillan

A topical one-act play.

Jennings (W.), THE SONG OF SONGS, 1/6 net. Oxford, Parker; London, Simpkin & Marshall
A new metrical translation of 'The Song of Solomon,' arranged as a drama, with Introduction and notes.

Maeterlinck (Maurice), PELLEAS AND MELISANDE, translated by Laurence Alma Tadema, 2/6 net. Allen & Unwin

A new edition.

CAMBRIDGE NOTES.

CAMBRIDGE in the past term has been as a University practically non-existent. As elsewhere, all the questions we once deemed of the utmost importance have been in abeyance, as the uncontested election to the Council abundantly showed. The river has been almost deserted; football fields have been turned into hospitals; and our main studies have been directed to rubbing up our half-forgotten French in order to talk to the Belgian refugees, or to acquiring Flemish by means of conversation books. All the Colleges have suffered severe losses of men, and next term they will be still more depleted. College tutors and lecturers are wondering how they are going to live during the coming year, and those who have wives and families are looking anxious.

At the same time, those whose Colleges have suffered comparatively little are very ready with excuses to explain the fact, and those whose courts are almost empty are best satisfied. In a list published early in the term Pembroke stood highest among the sufferers, and Jesus second, Clare being very little behind. In Trinity, the third year on one tutor's "side" is represented by nine men, two or three of whom are Orientals. Of the younger Fellows of Colleges, those who were supposed to hold the most enlightened views and to prefer peace to honour have proved themselves creditably inconsistent by hurrying into the Army, or, if they have

scruples as to the lawfulness of fighting, getting as near the fighting line as they can in order to do ambulance work. Those who questioned the desirability of having a term at all during war-time have a sufficient answer in the fact that the Officers' Training Corps has been keeping some 800 hard at it every day of the week except Saturdays and Sundays, and a large number of these are taking commissions in a far better state of preparation than they would have done had they joined at the beginning of the war. Even the older men have not been idle, and a large body of veterans has been seen drilling on the rifle-ground with very few arms, but no lack of energy or pluck. Their corps has been dubbed "England's last hope," without any reflection on the excellent spirit which prompted its formation.

The way in which the Army has been brought into touch with the University has certainly had its influence on the latter. In the Long Vacation the town, with its many commons and open spaces, was crowded with troops, and presented the appearance of a camp. Many officers were billeted in the Colleges, and showed themselves most appreciative of the efforts made to render their stay pleasant. There are not lacking some practical tokens of the gratitude of regiments in recognition of Cambridge hospitality, and it is sad to think how many of the brave donors have laid down their lives already in France and Flanders.

It is, whilst one deplores their calamities, a real pleasure to welcome the Louvain professors; and many of them have been able to increase our regard for them as delightful guests in our College halls, and most interesting speakers in our lecture-rooms. The Research Hospital has been used for officers, and those who have visited them, or had the privilege of entertaining them when convalescent, have found their conversation and experiences most interesting. Nor have the non-commissioned officers and men been less pleasant to receive as guests in the Colleges, nor their view of the military situation less instructive.

War has certainly a great deal to teach our academic community, and there have been times when we have wondered whether it would not approach us in a more realistic form. A perusal of Gunning's pages shows how little effect the Napoleonic wars had upon the torpor of early nineteenth-century Cambridge as compared with that of the Germanic war on the University of to-day. It is certainly an important matter to consider how far the war will permanently influence the future life of Cambridge. In the first place, it will cause a great break in its traditions. Of the hundreds who have gone away to join the Army, only a few will probably return to academic life, and these will come back very different men, with their ideas completely changed. Will the position of athletics, to take a comparatively trifling matter, be quite the same as it was before? Many forms of athletic sport depend on a very long and slowly developed tradition. Will their suspension for a year or two tend to break this down?

Perhaps the sport which will suffer most is rowing. It is generally acquired at the University in accordance with certain principles of instruction which have been in vogue for nearly three-quarters of a century, or probably more. For the past few years, no fewer than thirty-one boats have prepared for the Lent races, giving full occupation for 279 men, rowing or steering, and some 30 or more coaching them. Suppose the University does not meet in anything like its full strength till 1916, how many will have any knowledge of the art? and is it not quite conceivable that its former

popularity may never return? This is but one example out of many.

Turning to more serious subjects, we may ask what standard will be adopted in granting degrees to those who have been long away on military service, and return to academic studies with vastly more experience of life, and greatly diminished powers of application to this sort of work? Will the examination system continue in all its former vigour, or will new modes of instruction and other methods of testing merit prevail? It is difficult to predict more than that in the future a different standard of values may be set up, and the Blue be no longer the highest distinction of the athlete, or a place in Class I. the surest proof that a man is not altogether a fool. It may be idle, but it is certainly not uninteresting, to speculate on the Cambridge of, say, 1920.

It is satisfactory to observe that two University papers have survived the débâcle. The *Review* has brought out its usual number of issues, and has certainly not deteriorated in interest, though it has had little of the usual "life and thought" to record. The newer venture, *The Cambridge Magazine*, has presented its readers (who must be much curtailed) with a wonderful pennyworth and some capital writing. The fact that these journals are kept going is welcome evidence that the intellectual life of the remnant at Cambridge does not suffer itself to become completely paralysed by war. The Union has continued its debates, and has secured several valuable lectures. Torpid as the University is during this most trying winter, it is not devoid of the elements of a renewed life. J.

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL.

WE are sorry to notice the death, on Monday last, of Mr. Bertram Dobell, who had attained a unique position among second-hand booksellers by his services to letters. His career as a bookseller and man of letters was well described by Mr. S. Bradbury in a pamphlet published in 1909.

Born in 1842, he received very little education; his father became a cripple early in life, and the boy had to work early and late to add to the resources of the family. When he was nearly 30, he managed to open a stationer and news-vendor's shop in Kentish Town. Twenty years later, when he was well established as a bookseller, he was able to give a little time to literary work. His catalogues already showed touches of humour and appreciation beyond the scope of the mere tradesman; and he played an important part in the life of James Thomson, the author of 'The City of Dreadful Night,' publishing his poems and essays, and helping him to face the demon of depression. Thomson's spirit of pessimism found an echo in Mr. Dobell's own book of verse, 'Rosemary and Pansies,' which showed considerable versatility and some distinction in the sonnet. 'A Century of Sonnets' showed later that he was strongest in this form.

The author's best claim to remembrance, rests, however, on his discoveries which brought into print some new figures, and made substantial additions to some familiar ones. Traherne, whose poetical works and 'Centuries of Meditations' Mr. Dobell gave to the world, is worthy to rank with George Herbert and Vaughan. 'The Poetical Works of William Strode' revealed another seventeenth-century writer of less importance; and 'The Partial Law,' a tragedy-comedy by an unknown author, circa 1615-30, is chiefly of historical interest.

Among Mr. Dobell's other discoveries, recorded from time to time in our own columns and elsewhere, were unknown details and variants in the 'Arcadia,' Shelley's 'The Wandering Jew,' and Goldsmith's 'Traveller.' His 'Sidelights on Charles Lamb' makes some likely additions to the corpus of Lamb's work, but is marred by insufficient research, and cannot be accepted in its entirety as convincing. While it reproduces some poor stuff, it gives a pleasing view of the author's candour and geniality. Always a keen book-lover, and when his reserve was disarmed a good talker concerning his treasures, Mr. Dobell will be missed in his familiar shop. His business will be carried on by his two sons.

SHELLEY'S 'TRIUMPH OF LIFE.'

180, Victoria Drive, Eastbourne, Dec. 12, 1914.
COMMENTARIES on the above poem have recently appeared in *The Modern English Review*, and in 'Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association.' They are full of interest and illumination for all readers of Shelley. A point which has escaped the vigilance of the commentators and of editors is a curious error in the text of the following passage (l. 77):—

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon,
When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air, ...
So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour.

The chariot is compared with the young moon. But the glare—the blinding light—comes from the chariot; therefore the glare that obscures the sun is said to be like the young moon! Read thus:—

And a cold glare...obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars or the young moon,...

The comparison, "as he the stars," has to be repeated: "and as he obscures the stars or the young moon, so came a chariot [which obscured him]."

With regard to the very difficult passage (l. 99)—

All the four faces of that Charioteer
Had their eyes banded; little profit brings
Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun,
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere
Of all that is, has been or will be done;—

it seems worth while to point out that the sense and syntax would be greatly simplified by reading

For who with banded eyes could pierce the sphere...?

If the "f" of "for" were lost, "who" would be changed into "that" relative, to correspond with "that" before "quench."

As a protest against the unmeaning phrase "could temper to its object," and in the hope of inciting others to discover something better, I hazard the following (l. 240):—

I was overcome
By my own heart alone, which neither age
Nor tears nor infamy nor now the tomb
Could trample as its subject.

If "trample" lost its "r," "temper to" might be introduced from l. 277, where it is used intelligibly.

The following passage is very puzzling as printed by all the editors except Rossetti (l. 327):—

Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore
Ills which if ill can find no cure from thee,
The thought of which no other sleep will quell,
Nor other music blot from memory.

Commas are badly wanted round "if ill" without them no one could understand the lines at first reading, and few at the third or fourth. Rossetti alone places stepping-stones for the unwary reader.

J. NETTLESHIP.

Literary Gossip.

LAST SATURDAY we examined in detail the attempts of *The Times* to justify its arrangements concerning the French Yellow Book. On Monday that paper, following its New York contemporary, announced for to-day a gratis supplement containing the whole of the translation. A word of warning was also published that those who did not order in time would not be able to secure this Supplement, as already a great demand was apparent, and it "could not be reprinted." Just as we were thinking of offering our plant to accomplish what was impossible to *The Times*, we heard that the Government had followed our suggestion, and had themselves issued an edition at *Id.* This rendering differs from that sold by *The Times*, being free from the stupidities of that strange dialect—translators' English.

We hope that in any future transactions of the kind the French Government will arrange for immediate publication at a reasonable price, and for the usual courtesies to critics.

THIS extraordinary war has provided many surprises for the experts and many adventures which seem more like fiction than fact. Life, in fact, is always plagiarizing from fiction, and it is possible that the idea of escaping to Holland in a box which was nearly brought off last Saturday by a German anxious to serve his country (Herr Otto von Koehn) was suggested by Dumas. In the 'Vicomte de Bragelonne' D'Artagnan manages to convey Monck secretly in a deal box across the sea from Newcastle to Holland, then, as now, a neutral country. The expedient is humorous, if desperate, for, as D'Artagnan remarked, "it is not the place of a serious man to be shut up in a box like a curious object of natural history."

A GENERAL MEETING of the Classical Association will be held in the Hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company (30, Threadneedle Street) on the afternoon of January 8th. The proceedings will include a motion by Mr. Cradock-Watson, "That Council be invited to consider how our Association may best promote the practical and effective study of Latin in the non-classical schools where only a limited time can be devoted to the subject, and 'scholarship' in the ordinary sense is out of the question," and a Presidential speech by Prof. W. Ridgeway.

MISS A. F. YULE writes:—

"Your interesting notice of the late Col. Pridaux brings to mind two recollections which may possibly be worth placing on record. I may add that I had not, to my regret, any acquaintance with that fine soldier-scholar—a type rarer now than it once was.

"The first recollection refers to the very critical occasion, prior to the capture of Magdala, when, Lieut. Pridaux having been sent by King Theodore to the British camp to treat for conditional surrender, Sir Robert Napier felt bound to send him back to captivity and possible execution.

Speaking of this occurrence to the present writer many years later, Lord Napier of Magdala dwelt on the splendid spirit in which Lieut. Pridaux received the order, and departed to what then seemed his doom, not only without a murmur, but with cheerful, courageous alacrity. Lord Napier spoke also of the mental anguish which it had cost himself to give that order, but of which duty required him to repress all evidence.

"The other recollection is merely this: after the safe return to Europe of King Theodore's captives, liberated by the expedition, one of Sir Bartle Frere's gifted daughters wrote to me: 'Lieut. Pridaux is the only one of the captives who seems to feel gratitude for his deliverance,' or words to that effect, for I quote from memory.

"A timely letter from Col. Pridaux, written in the interests of our native Indian troops, was published only last month."

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON PUBLIC RECORDS, which has been taking some interesting evidence relating to the Middlesex and London County Councils and the Bishopric of London, will shortly inspect the local records of Hertfordshire. Early in the New Year the Commission will visit Oxford for the purpose of inspecting local records in Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire.

THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY is issuing immediately, with the annual volume of *Transactions*, an interesting description of the state of Russia in the later Middle Ages contained in a translation of the 'Novgorod Chronicle' (1016-1472), by Mr. Robert Mitchell, formerly English Consul in Russia, and revised by Prof. Beazley and Mr. Nevill Forbes. The Chronicle devotes much attention to almost incessant hostilities with the Germans.

THE judges of the Imperial poem asked for by the Daughters of the Empire in Canada have decided not to award the prize of \$100, but to call for a new competition. All the poems submitted have been rejected, for reasons mostly of a technical nature, or because the words failed to adapt themselves to the music. The fresh conditions will be announced in a few days.

IN the American edition of 'The Green Curve,' by "Ole Luk-Oie," the author is revealed as Lieut.-Col. E. D. Swinton, Chief of the British Intelligence Staff at the front, and "Eyewitness" of the dispatches from the firing-line of the British troops.

Winter's Pie is a creditable production, and may well serve to afford an hour's amusement and relaxation to those for whom it is destined in camps, convalescent homes, hospitals, &c. There are many good illustrations: the 'Retort,' on p. 25; the 'Canterbury Lamb,' p. 26; and 'Not Likely,' p. 32, are among the best. Incidentally Mr. Byam Shaw appears in a new and effective light in 'The Father and the Governor.' Among the crowd of contributors we may mention specially Sir Henry Lucy ('Captain Donovan, D.S.O.') and Mr. Walter Emanuel ('A Dog's Newspaper').

THE well-known American poet Mr. Percy Mackaye has made a contribution to the verse concerning the war. The volume is entitled 'The Present Hour,' and it will be published by Messrs. Macmillan very shortly.

AN English edition of Bismarck's letters to his wife from the seat of war, 1870-71, is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Jarrold. These letters were first published in Berlin in 1903, and, although an American version was circulated in the following year (now out of print), no edition has hitherto been issued in this country.

The same firm promise in the early spring an issue of Edgar Allan Poe's works in ten volumes. This is edited with an Introduction by Dr. Chester Noyes Greenbough.

The Cornhill Magazine for January opens with the first instalment of 'Western Wanderings,' Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's impressions of America revisited. 'In Memoriam "Roberts, F.M.,"' includes 'Bobs Bahadur,' reminiscences by Mrs. Maud Diver, and two poems—'He Comes!' by the same hand, and 'The Old Soldier,' by Katharine Tynan. Sir Desmond O'Callaghan writes on 'Guns and Explosives in the Great War,' and Mr. S. P. B. Mais on 'Public Schools in War-Time.' Sir Edward T. Thackeray publishes a few reminiscences of his cousin the famous author; and Sir Edward Clarke contributes 'Leaves from a Lawyer's Case-Book: the Case of Esther Pay.'

In 'The Gentlemen Glass-Makers Come' Sir James Yoxall takes collectors along a by-way of history. 'Some Men of Letters,' by Sir Henry Lucy, ranges from Du Maurier and Sir A. C. Doyle to Clark Russell and Mrs. Craigie. Short stories are 'A Crimean Episode (not Gazetted),' by Mr. G. W. Erskine; 'H.R.H. Prince Tapong,' by F. A. S.; and 'The Poor Man's Pig,' by Prof. L. P. Jacks.

THE January issue of *Chambers's Journal* will contain the opening instalments of a story by Mr. John Foster entitled 'The Bright Eyes of Danger.' It is the longest he has yet written, and deals with the period of the Forty-Five. Other contributions are 'The Duties of the British Navy,' by Mr. R. A. Fletcher; 'Strangers in the Land,' a paper on natural history by the late Col. Aymer Maxwell, who was killed at the siege of Antwerp; 'Finland in War-Time,' by Prof. E. H. Parker; 'Concerning the Dardanelles,' by Capt. W. F. Batten; and 'The Soldier as War Correspondent.'

IN the January number of *Scribner's Magazine* Mr. John Galsworthy begins a serial, 'The Freelanders'; Madame Waddington contributes an impressive picture of the desolation and ravages of 'War Times' in rural France; Mr. Richard Harding Davis, as an eyewitness, describes the shelling and destruction of Reims Cathedral, and publishes some photographs of the bombardment; and a hitherto unpublished essay by Stevenson, 'On the Choice of a Profession,' is introduced by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

SCIENCE

The Wonder of Life. By J. Arthur Thomson. (Melrose, 12s. 6d. net.)

IN some 650 closely reasoned pages Prof. Thomson has given us good measure, pressed down, and running over. The scope of the present book is wide enough to touch the fringe of many and various problems connected with animal life—as distinct from the human drama—and it may be regarded as an amplification of some of the author's previous writings on the subject, and particularly as a continuation of his 'Biology of the Seasons.' He claims that it is

"an unconventional introduction to Natural History and Biology, taking broad views of the actual lives of living creatures and working inwards. It is therefore complementary to other books which begin with the minute analysis of the individual."

Persistently he combats the view that biology is only applied chemistry and physics, while he emphasizes the limitations of mechanical formulæ for biological purposes. In his final summary he recognizes

"three orders of facts: the physical order, where mechanism reigns, where mechanical formulæ suffice for the description of what goes on; the animate order, where mechanism is transcended; and the physical order, where mechanism is irrelevant."

For, as he puts it, so far from holding Kant's view that there is one science of nature, he follows Driesch and others in maintaining a separate place for Biology beside Physics as "a fundamental and autonomous science," and would on the same grounds differentiate Psychology from the other two. It is not inconsistent with this attitude that he should be ready to examine and test his own theories beside the formulæ advanced by other men of science, which, if he cannot accept them as the true solution of his problems, he thus puts to something of the same purpose as the hard substances swallowed by a fowl to aid the action of its gizzard. The plain man, who does not feel called upon to rush in where doctors disagree, may mildly speculate as to the cause of all this pother, content for his own part if he can, under Prof. Thomson's stimulating direction, assimilate the plainer lessons of the fascinating experiments described and the many fresh facts that have been brought together. Here and there, it may be, when technical terms are particularly rampant and he encounters what seems a wilfully devastating passage, the student of weak digestion will sigh for the glossary which should supply the necessary gastric juices.

The book is conveniently divided into seven distinct compartments in the form of chapters; in the subject-matter of each, however, there is inevitably a certain amount of overlapping. Each chapter is in turn subdivided under a number of headings printed in dark type. Under the somewhat vague title of the first

chapter, 'The Drama of Life,' the discussion opens with an outline of vital motives. We are given a first glimpse of the crowded stage, and the vast number, not only of individuals, but also of species. Always it is among the invertebrates that we find the most staggering figures, and Dr. Sharpe has calculated the number of named species of insects at a quarter of a million, and suggested that this does not represent more than a tenth of the total. Some of the familiar features of the struggle for existence are touched upon, with its innumerable effective adaptations and devices.

The next section deals with the six great haunts of life, and the distinctive fauna of the shore, the open sea, the deep sea, the fresh water, the dry land, and the air. In various ways the littoral area, which for our purposes must be taken as not merely the stretch between tide-marks, but the whole of the shallow shelf extending to a depth of about 100 fathoms, is the most productive for the student of biology. Here is the meeting-place of representatives of all the other haunts except the aerial; we see in perfection the struggle for foothold and all that it means; and we can note the various methods of diminishing infantile mortality. The discipline of this rough-and-tumble existence is the familiar story of all competition, and Prof. Thomson speaks of

"the probability that it was on the sea-shore that many of the most valuable of vital acquisitions were made.... The shore has been a great school of life. Yet in saying this we do not wish to imply that the wisdom of any animal race whatsoever has been due to the premiums which individuals have paid to experience. For this theory of entailment does not seem to us to describe Nature's method."

In the final chapter he returns to this crucial problem of the transmissibility of acquired characters, when he examines in some detail, but finds himself unable to accept, the so-called "Mnemonic" theories of heredity. He recognizes, indeed, that here, as elsewhere, dogmatism is out of place; in truth, in this extremely intricate question it is again none too easy for the "plain man"—towards whom the author shows himself quaintly considerate—to follow the nice distinctions on either side, which almost make it appear at times that, when the line of argument is showing signs of wearing thin, a splice can be effected by the process of ingenious hair-splitting. The chapter on 'The Insurgency of Life' shows the circumvention of obstacles in the exploitation of the earth—instances being given of a productivity so prodigious that it is only a marvel there is any niche left to fill—and what is termed the "conquest of time." This latter theme, more fully elaborated in the author's 'Biology of the Seasons,' is illustrated by some of the well-known problems of bird migration.

'The Ways of Life' next brings us to the deeply interesting questions arising from animal behaviour. Though it is by no means a simple matter to determine where instinct ends and intelligence begins,

and "it is not easy to discover either kind of behaviour in a perfectly pure form," yet the difference exists. But while most naturalists are now ready to credit animals with *intelligence* (perceptual inference), this is shown to fall short of *reason* (conceptual inference). Very instructive experiments are described illustrating the powers of animals to learn by the method of "trial and error," and in one case it may interest some human students of education to read that punishment of error appeared to hinder progress. It would probably be more than interesting to obtain unprejudiced accounts of the experiences of those who have trained performing animals without any pretence of scientific investigation.

'The Web of Life' supplies many strange instances of the intricacy of inter-relations, and ranges from the formation of the pearl, the misdeeds of the cuckoo, and many another less familiar mystery, to the wonders of the anthill and the beehive.

The 'Cycle of Life' touches on various aspects of development and growth—adulthood, courtship, the founding of a family, old age, and death. It is pointed out that "the majority of wild animals seem to die a violent death, before there is time for senescence, much less senility."

The final chapter is the longest and most important, dealing with the difficult, but fascinating phenomena of the living creature itself. In problems of protective coloration and the like we are taken well off the beaten track, and questions are broached which deserve more attention. The discussion on Regeneration, or the capacity for re-growing lost parts, is of special value. Prof. Thomson has kept the greatest wonder of all, evolution, for his final summing-up, which contains some remarkably fine passages of real beauty and insight. The whole book is most impressive and illuminating, and it only remains to be said that the illustrations are unstinted and—particularly in the case of the coloured plates—exceptionally good. The Index might have been more comprehensive.

SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Dec. 10.—Sir Arthur Evans, President, in the chair.

Mr. Lawrence Weaver read a paper on the building accounts of the City churches (parochial) erected by Sir Christopher Wren. Mr. Weaver described the complete priced bills of quantities and ledger accounts giving the names of all the tradesmen employed on Wren's City churches, the accounts of the "tabernacles" or temporary churches set up after the Fire, and the general accounts showing sundry disbursements for Wren's office expenses, &c., included in three large MS. volumes. These had been lost sight of since 1725. In that year Christopher Wren, the son of the architect, gave careful instructions for their preservation at St. Paul's Cathedral, but not long afterwards they came into the hands of a bookseller who sold them to Bishop Rawlinson. They have since reposed peacefully in the Bodleian Library, and attention has now for the first time been directed to their contents. They make it possible to identify the workmanship of all the City churches, and the rates of payment for every kind of craftsmanship. They introduce the student also to many of the assistants who worked with Wren, and altogether throw a flood of light on the building practice of his time.

Mr. P. M. Johnston exhibited some pieces of stained glass from Tonge Church, Kent.

HISTORICAL.—Dec. 10.—Mr. Malden, Hon. Secretary and V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Rushbrook Williams, Fellow of All Souls, and Mr. E. B. Powley were declared elected Fellows of the Society; and the forthcoming removal of the Society's library, offices, and meetings to 22, Russell Square was announced.

A paper was read by the Literary Director, Mr. Hall, communicated by Madame Lubimanko, upon the correspondence between Queen Elizabeth and Ivan the Terrible and the two succeeding Tsars of Russia. It was pointed out that the whole series of ninety letters should be printed. The correspondence turned chiefly upon the affairs of the Muscovy Company, but also upon political alliance, and included in the time of Ivan proposals of marriage with the Queen, which she declined, to the evident irritation of the Tsar. Mr. Barnes Steveni and the Chairman spoke briefly upon the subject of the paper.

A paper was also read by Mr. Maurice Wilkinson upon a French Provincial Assembly during the League. The Assembly was that of Burgundy. The study, which Mr. Wilkinson by research in French local archives has made peculiarly his own, will be elaborated in the paper when printed.

MATHEMATICAL.—Dec. 10.—Sir Joseph Larmor, President, in the chair.—Mr. R. H. Fowler, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was elected a Member.

Mr. E. H. Neville read a paper 'On Simultaneous Equations, Linear or Functional.' This paper gives a convenient process for approximating to the numerical solution of equations. As an illustration, the method is applied to solve the geometrical problem of covering a circle completely by means of five equal smaller circles, and it is proved that a complete covering is impossible if the ratio of the radii is less than a certain limit (which is slightly greater than 3:5). In a more concrete form, this geometrical problem may be found as a side-show in gipsy tents at fairs: the larger circle is painted on a table, and is to be covered completely by five metal discs.

In the discussion which followed Mr. Neville's paper it was stated that in the actual apparatus used by the gipsies (a specimen of which was exhibited) the ratio of the radii of the circles is very nearly equal to the limit assigned by the mathematical theory. A question was also asked as to the origin and history of the gipsy-problem, but no answer was forthcoming.

Mr. G. H. Hardy then gave an account of a paper by Mr. S. Ramanujan 'On Highly Composite Numbers.' This paper was communicated formally at the November meeting; but it does not lend itself to a non-technical abstract.

The remaining papers were communicated by title from the chair: 'On Cyclotomic Quin-section,' by Prof. W. Burnside; 'Oscillations near the Isosceles Triangle: Solution of the Three Body Problem,' by Prof. D. Buchanan;—and 'On Lamé's Differential Equation and Ellipsoidal Harmonics,' by Prof. E. T. Whittaker.

ALCHEMICAL.—Dec. 11.—Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, Acting-President, in the chair.

The meeting was in the nature of a symposium, the following papers being read: 'An Interpretation of Alchemical Symbolism with Reference to the Writings of Edward Kelly,' by Lieut.-Col. Jasper Gibson; 'Some Notes on Alipili,' by Mr. A. E. Waite; 'The Purposes of Alchemical Research,' by Mr. G. De Mengel; 'Principles and Symbols,' by Mr. D. N. Dunlop;—and 'Some Characteristics of Mediæval Thought,' by Mr. H. S. Redgrove.

Lieut.-Col. Gibson dealt with certain analogies between the speculations of the mediæval alchemists, the doctrines of ancient Indian philosophy, and the theories of modern science. Mr. Waite's paper was concerned with a work by a little-known alchemist of a highly symbolic nature, treating of psychological matters under chemical veils, his main point being to emphasize the difficulties of interpreting the texts of alchemy. Mr. De Mengel suggested that, although the alchemists frequently went astray in their philosophical speculations, we might profit from certain of their philosophical ideas. Mr. D. N. Dunlop offered some suggestions towards an interpretation of alchemy from a monistic standpoint, maintaining the essential unity of its various aspects, chemical, physiological, and mystical. Mr. H. S. Redgrove dealt briefly with the interplay of the two great forces of scholasticism and mysticism on the mediæval mind.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.

Mex. Institute of Actuaries, &c.—Canadian Mortgages regarded as a Field for the Investment of the Funds of British Life Assurance Companies, Mr. A. D. Besant.

FINE ARTS

Ægean Archæology: an Introduction to the Archæology of Prehistoric Greece.
By H. R. Hall. (Lee Warner, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS book, which is crammed with curious knowledge and many bold conjectures, is an attempt to give the ordinary reader some idea of what went on in the Eastern Mediterranean before the advent of the Greeks. That irruption was not very early, and advanced in at least two waves—one the Achæan, about 1200 B.C., and the other Dorian, a couple of centuries later. With the latter came in the use of iron weapons instead of bronze, and a partial destruction of the older Achæan civilization, which had taken up a great deal from the earlier Ægean societies. For the Greeks found no empty country, but one full of people who had attained considerable facility in making pots, knives, armour, and even decorating their houses with bands of colour, and fresco work attempting to represent the life of much of the animal and plant world. It is this earlier civilization—of which the principal remains are now found in Crete—that Mr. Hall attempts to describe. It has far too many names and stages in his and similar books. It is separated into Minoan, Cycladic, Mycænæan, and these again into subdivisions I., II., and III., so that the innocent reader finds himself plunged into a labyrinth of distinctions suggesting the maze for which Crete was famous in Greek legend. The only safe clues in the chronology of these epochs are supplied by the Egyptian imports—scarabs and the like—which are found in the ruined palaces.

These are very curious, and indicate a stage of culture in which there must have been powerful monarchs who could command unlimited labour and skilled artisans, and who were bold enough to dwell near the sea without fear of the pirates universal in the subsequent age. These princes were, as the Greeks knew full well, thalassocrats, who could build a "pleasaunce" near the sea, such as the Sandringham of an English king. The suggestion that some of the sites (e.g., Phaestus) were chosen on account of the splendid view they commanded implies to us a gross anachronism. We know of no early race, not even the Greeks, influenced by such considerations. In modern Europe the love of romantic scenery dates only from the eighteenth century. The anachronism is all the more marked since, in spite of the elaborate building, the lavish ornament, the clever use of precious metals and of rich colours, the whole outcome is distinctly ugly in any modern sense. Mr. Hall, we think, uses on every page extravagant terms of praise. The work is "exquisite," "magnificent," "splendid," &c. Let any candid critic go through the illustrations, and he will see at once what we mean. Nor is there any appearance of gradual improve-

ment, as in early Greek work. The latest things rather show decadence than growth, and tell us that this epoch of culture had done its work.

The illustrations, though profuse, are often inadequate. Many of the photographs, especially of large objects, are so reduced that we can hardly verify Mr. Hall's descriptions of complicated designs. To him, therefore, the originals may have seemed splendid, though to us they have little meaning. But, with all allowance for this, we think his standpoint is optimistic. We feel that he has been so busy collecting facts that he has not spent time enough in studying causes. Here, for example, are two statements, only four pages apart, near the end of the volume: "Crete was without commerce, for she led nowhere, and without arts, because she had no commerce." (This was in historic times, when new routes passed her by.) But then he talks of

"the position of dominance which its geographical position had caused it to take from the beginning of things, and its sea-given prosperity had enabled it to hold through so many centuries."

These statements do not fit together. The geographical position of Crete was permanent, and it was always in the way from Greece to Egypt, from Cyprus to the West. The causes of the historical decay of Crete are, indeed, difficult to explain. Possibly the survival of a large pre-Hellenic population leavened the small number of the Dorian invaders, and so prevented the island from advancing into the light of Hellenic civilization. But this is only a conjecture. At all events, the Cretan civilization was not what Mr. Hall calls it: "of all civilizations of the world, in some ways the most artistic, the most æsthetic." He knows that primitive pottery may be manufactured at any epoch, being a sign not of antiquity, but of rudeness. Yet in more than one place he argues that because pottery is rude it must be old. He seems to think that a Doric temple means a temple built by the Dorians (p. 19). He is right, we hold, in maintaining the non-Aryan character of the Ægean pre-Hellenic people, but he seems to us often to imply that all this population was homogeneous, whereas there were probably various strata. Nor is it likely that one language only was spoken. The *dromos* into a beehive tomb is not a special entrance made for offering sacrifices, but simply a survival of the old low and narrow entrance into every beehive dwelling which made the inmates safe from attack by any but single assailants on their hands and feet. The elaborate and precious sword-handles which are among the most remarkable of the discoveries are evidently the handles of weapons made for state purposes, not for use. This is probably Mr. Hall's opinion also, but he has not stated it clearly. How could he tell us everything we demand? His book is already "as full as an egg is of meat," and we are thankful for it, though we differ from him now and again in matters of detail.

Fine Art Gossip.

THE picture representing the 'Burning of Antwerp Cathedral, 1533,' now on view at the Modern Gallery, is obviously much later in date than Friedrik Ryckaert, to whom it was first attributed. It has many typically seventeenth-century qualities, though its large scale has militated against its possession of the full refinement of technique belonging to the best works of such a painter as A. van der Neer, to whom it is now attributed. Nevertheless, it is a work of considerable merit, particularly in the darker passages, as in the hilly stretch of town on the right, adroitly moved into proximity with the cathedral for the purposes of composition. The more melodramatic passage representing the conflagration itself is not so subtle, and this communicates with the sky. In a measure, doubtless, a certain prevailing foxiness of tone is due to the yellowing of oil when kept in the dark, and will disappear in the next few months.

The water-colours of Egypt by Mr. A. O. Lamplough in the room adjoining show great technical dexterity, which is pertinent to the occasion. The wide range of distance and the clear atmosphere in this country of flat spaces and delicate detail call for great precision and directness of handling. Mr. Lamplough has these qualities to a considerable extent, but his work is somewhat tricky, impressing us by its display rather than its intimacy. Nos. 4 and 11 are the best.

The whole of the proceeds of the exhibition are to be devoted to the Queen's Work for Women Fund.

At the Goupil Gallery Miss Maud Earl shows some oil paintings to illustrate a dog story, 'Memories,' by Mr. John Galsworthy. They appear to have been painted from nature, and some of them, such as No. 3 and No. 6, show the ability to catch a momentary and spontaneous action of the animal. There are other exhibits of original drawings and illustrations in books published by Mr. Heinemann, including the originals of Mr. Byam Shaw's 'Garden of Kama,' reviewed in these columns a fortnight ago (p. 606). We are glad to see that among the oceans of three-colour printing Mr. Nicholson's books of woodcuts still command not only a unique position, but also a sale.

A SERIES of panel pictures by Mr. Frank Brangwyn have been added to the chapel of Christ's Hospital. They were presented to the school by some of the Governors.

COUNT G. N. PLUNKETT gave a lecture on 'Symbolism in Church Architecture' before the students of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, on the 10th inst.

As usual at this season, the Royal Institution have arranged some attractive lectures. Among these we notice two lectures by Prof. William J. Pope on 'Colour Photography—Scientific Applications.' The first will be devoted to 'Photographic Appreciation of Colour in Monochrome,' and the second to 'Photography in Natural Colours.'

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish on Tuesday next 'Bernini, and Other Studies in the History of Art,' by Mr. Richard Norton, an American critic of high standing. The volume is elaborately illustrated.

THE world of art may be glad to know that Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons have in active preparation a 'Who's Who' on the lines of their 'Who's Who in the Theatre' and 'Who's Who in Music.' The aim of the work, which is edited by Mr. Leonard Stowell, is to record the careers of artists of distinction all over the world, together with matter relating to art in general.

MUSIC

SIR CHARLES STANFORD'S RECOLLECTIONS.

It has been said that a book that pleases must have been pleasant to write. Such, at least, is the impression produced by Sir Charles Stanford's agreeable volume of reminiscences. The pleasures of memory have obviously inspired the cheery and animated tone of these 'Pages from an Unwritten Diary.' Music and musicians are, of course, prominent in the record. But the treatment of these themes is in perfect accord with the suavity and breadth of view that distinguish the author's comments on what has interested him in the larger world outside the world of music. From the musical standpoint, he does not sketch the history of his own time, though there is no lack of the staple of which history is made in much that he has written. It is an eventful course of years from the Mendelssohnian era in which he was born to the times of Liszt and Brahms, Wagner and Strauss. If the milestones are not marked, they are sufficiently suggested. But the appeal of the book is to all kinds of readers—musical and partly (or not at all) musical. It is attractive, as we have hinted, in its agreeable tone and variety of interest. Famous men and women are portrayed in a few vivid touches; and with the same delightful art an incident is told with so persuasive an air of actuality that it involves the reader as a participator in the event. Here may be noted another feature of the book, which is the number of witty or humorous stories, not merely good in themselves, but—what is another matter altogether—extremely well told. Many of these would have mollified the tyrannical Roman Emperor who ordered the instant execution of a certain retailer of "chestnuts." It is, indeed, some years since we have seen a volume of reminiscences that is so exemplary in this matter.

Sir Charles Stanford's earliest recollections are of Dublin, where he was born, and of the legal and musical society with which his family made him familiar. Dublin had long since achieved musical renown. Was it not the scene of the first production of 'The Messiah' ? Dublin was richly endowed in music and native musical talent. John Stanford, the author's father, though of the legal profession, was an accomplished musician and actor, with a bass voice of the finest quality. When Lablache heard him as Leporello in 'Don Giovanni,' he promptly called him his "second self." Then there was Mrs. Geale, the niece of Lady Morgan, who "by some extraordinary art manufactured for herself a tenor voice of rare Italian quality." This miraculous lady once astonished Jenny Lind at a rehearsal

Pages from an Unwritten Diary. By Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

of a Viceregal Lodge concert by announcing herself as the tenor who was to sing in a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass with Jenny Lind and John Stanford. In later years, when the elder Stanford asked her to sing once more at his house, she replied, "My dear John, I am the miserable remains of a well-spent voice."

Brilliant and congenial was the society of Dublin recalled in these reminiscences. It included Dickinson, Dean of the Chapel Royal, known as the "Protestant Father Healy." When Lord James Butler told him he was going to be made a bishop, Dickinson's instant reply was: "Well, my Lord, I have heard of a bishop of your name, but I cannot see any Analogy in your case." A characteristic story is told of the inimitable Father Healy, the hero of which was Meldon, the stoutest of Dublin doctors. A friend asked Healy:

"How can a sensible man like you believe that Jonah really came out of the whale's belly?"

Healy replied:—

"I don't know, I saw something quite as peculiar to-day. I saw Meldon getting out of a fly!"

Among celebrities who visited Dublin Sir Charles recalls, in a pleasant sketch, G. A. Osborne, a musician of the warmest and most enlightened sympathies, the friend of Berlioz and Rossini. He was so like the composer of 'William Tell' that, if Rossini was bored at any evening party where he also chanced to be, he would suggest to Osborne he should "be Rossini for the rest of the evening," and then silently decamp. There seems no doubt that Osborne played the part perfectly. Another admirable sketch is concerned with the famous organist Sir R. P. Stewart, an extraordinary example of self-taught genius, who might easily, in other conditions, have attained the highest place in the profession.

In 1862 Sir Charles made his first visit to London, where he had pianoforte lessons from Pauer, who was a pupil of Mozart's second son Wolfgang. This circumstance recalls an interesting anecdote told to him by Joachim, who had it direct from Mendelssohn. When in Italy in 1831, Mendelssohn visited the house of the military commandant at Milan, whose wife was Dorothea von Ertmann, Beethoven's intimate friend, immortalized in one of the sonatas. One evening he had played her favourite sonata and much else of Beethoven, when

"a little modest Austrian official, who had been sitting in the corner, came up and said timidly—in German—'Won't you play something of my dear father's?' 'Who was your father?' asked Mendelssohn. 'Ach, Mozart,' was the reply. And, said Mendelssohn, 'I did play Mozart for him, and for the rest of the evening.'"

The Austrian official was Karl, the elder son of Mozart. Apart from the pathetic touch of "filial jealousy," which, Sir Charles says, affected Mendelssohn deeply, the story is interesting historically as connecting one generation of composers with another, like that simple incident Dr. Burney relates in his 'Travels,' when

he met at Bologna in 1770 "Monsieur Mozart" and his famous son, the boy who had recently been astonishing London.

Reluctantly we must pass over the author's further recollections of Dublin, which occupy no inconsiderable portion of the book, and touch on his memories of Cambridge, where, in 1873, he had migrated from Queens' to Trinity. Here the all-dominant personality was Thompson, the Master, "tall, dignified, and strikingly handsome," who concealed "a kindly heart under sarcastic armour." Not long had the author to wait before he experienced something of the Master's satire. After his election to the post of organist it had been agreed that he should study in Germany. When the appointment was settled, he called on the Master, who, after telling him of the duties required, wound up his remarks by referring to the visit to Germany in these terms:—

"And may I ask shall you have in Leipzig any recreations in the intervals of organ-blowing?"

When the late Edmund Gurney informed him of his intention of studying music, Thompson, with an air of encouragement, observed, "Well, Mr. Gurney, it is a *grade* better than dancing." It is owing to a common infirmity of mankind that some of the finest examples of Thompson's ironic wit have been ascribed to others. Thus his characteristic remark, made at a college meeting for discussing the new statutes—"We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest amongst us"—has been fathered on Jowett. The story of how, to use a vulgar locution, he "took it out of" Coutts Trotter must be read as told. Even then it requires something approaching the voice and manner of Thompson to ensure a perfect rendering. It is necessary to observe the pause that usually preceded the sting in the irony. Some one asked Thompson:—

"Who is this man Bickersteth who has been made Bishop of Ripon?" "I am told," said the Master, "that he was a Queens' man and a Junior Optime; and as far as I can ascertain he has done nothing unworthy of these antecedents."

When Seeley was appointed Professor of Modern History, in succession to Kingsley, Thompson went to his first lecture. Coming away, he was asked by a friend what he thought of it, and observed, "I did not know that we should miss poor Kingsley so soon."

We can but glance at the interesting account of music in Germany some forty years ago. It was a very different Leipzig Sir Charles visited to study under Reinecke. Bach's old church, now destroyed by the restorer, existed not greatly altered since the time of Bach. The young Cambridge organist was utterly disconcerted by the Silbermann organ. He found the attempt to play upon it as hard work as penal servitude must be, and recalled the Master of Trinity's reference to "organ-blowing" as offering something preferable. His last year in Germany was partly spent in studying at Berlin under Friedrich Kiel, of whom he writes with keen appreciation. Of the

witty and delightful Hans von Bülow he has much to recall which we must leave the reader to enjoy. Out of the fullness of his memories Sir Charles writes, and it is we who suffer the embarrassment of the rich material he offers. We should like to quote the account of Brahms as a conductor and pianist. But these valuable impressions the musical reader will fasten upon instinctively.

We note that Sir Charles Stanford's reference to H. F. Chorley, "the redoubtable critic of *The Athenæum*," is somewhat ungracious. He was taken to see the critic, he tells us, on his first visit to London in 1862, and was, of course, received with courtesy. His comment, after these many years, is: "Not having to write about me in the newspaper, he was very kind and encouraging." The insinuation is gratuitous. No one should know better than Sir Charles Stanford that musical critics are not unfriendly towards young and aspiring composers.

Musical Gossip.

THE programme of the Royal Philharmonic Concert last Thursday week opened with a Concerto by Vivaldi. An arrangement of it as an Organ Concerto is attributed to Bach. The present one for strings is by S. Franco. This formal old music was followed by Grieg's romantic Pianoforte Concerto, which, in spite of Miss Katherine Goodson's excellent playing, lost some of its romance. Her tone at times was too soft, and there was too much *ritardando*. Grieg's work, the finest of the kind since Schumann's, has, fortunately, not become hackneyed. The programme included Liadoff's *Légende*, 'The Enchanted Lake.' There is atmosphere in the delicately scored movement, but a poetic basis, however slight, might have added interest to music which does not show strong individuality. The concert, under M. Safonoff's able direction, ended with Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony in *F* minor.

LAST SATURDAY'S Symphony Concert included Tchaikowsky's well-known 'Pathétique' Symphony, which Sir Henry J. Wood had not conducted at these concerts for some time. The playing of the orchestra was good, and the conductor's reading was sound, yet we felt that he was trying to make it as impressive as possible. The aim was right, only it should have been less perceptible. This was particularly noticeable in the first and last movements. M. Benno Moiseiwitsch played the solo part of Saint-Saëns's Concerto in *G* minor. His performance, neat and graceful, lacked dash and brilliancy. It is a work which enjoys great popularity. The music is clever, though not deep, and much of its effect depends upon the pianist. Debussy's characteristic 'Fêtes' (No. 2 of the Three Nocturnes) brought the concert to a close.

THERE was a large audience at Bechstein Hall on Monday night for the Beethoven-Tchaikowsky Concert. In the early days of the Popular Concerts at the old St. James's Hall, Beethoven's Septet was a great attraction, but now it is less so. The rise of the romantic school, which began soon after his death, may to some extent account for the change, but the real cause is, we think, the knowledge we now have of Beethoven's

greater works. An occasional hearing of the Septet is, however, interesting. An excellent performance was given by Messrs. W. H. Reed, A. Hobday, R. Purcell-Jones, C. Winterbottom, M. Gomez, E. F. James, and Thos. R. Busby.

The Tchaikowsky Trio in *A* minor was rendered with due understanding and feeling. M. Michael Doré, the Russian violinist, is an able artist; M. E. Doehaerd, 'cellist of the Brussels Quartet, is well known; and M. Safonoff is an able, sympathetic interpreter of Tchaikowsky's music. But his pianoforte playing has not the magnetic influence which he exerts when he is at the conductor's desk.

THE programme of the tenth and last Classical Concert of the present series at Bechstein Hall on Wednesday evening was different from that usual at these concerts, and, after the storm and stress of much modern music, by no means unpleasant. Mozart in the two middle movements of his Symphony in *A* shows how in charm of melody, grace, and ease of style he stands at the head of all the composers of the eighteenth century. The formal first and last movements, not equally inspired, set them off to the best advantage. Of Grieg's 'Holberg' Suite, the Gavotte and Air are the most characteristic sections; the Finale, indeed, comes somewhat as an anticlimax. Both these works Sir George Henschel conducted with his well-known enthusiasm. The programme included Bach's Overture in *B* minor for flute and strings. Mr. Albert Fransella, the soloist, rendered full justice to his florid part. He was also heard in Mr. F. S. Kelly's bright Serenade in *E* minor, Op. 7. At the end of the programme came Haydn's Symphony in *D*, entitled 'Le Matin,' which proved instructive and interesting.

THE fourth and last of the Leighton House Concerts before Christmas took place on Friday, the 11th inst. A pleasant programme of good music included short solos for pianoforte, also songs, and recitations by Mrs. Claudine Currey of M. E. Cammaerts's 'Au Grand Roi d'un Petit Pays' and Campenhout's 'La Brabançonne.' These chamber concerts will shortly be resumed. The dates are January 29th and February 5th, 12th, and 19th, and the proceeds will be given to English musicians in need of help.

GIOVANI SGAMBATI, who died at Rome on Monday at the age of 71, was born in that city. His mother was an Englishwoman, daughter of Joseph Gott, the sculptor, a native of London. He showed early taste for music, and studied at the Conservatorio of Naples. Returning to Rome in 1860, he won fame as a pianist. In 1864 he began to compose, first a pianoforte quartet, and afterwards two pianoforte quintets. Then, in company with Liszt, whose acquaintance he had made in Rome, he visited Germany. In 1876 Wagner, being in Rome, heard the works just named; and on his strong recommendation the Schott firm purchased and published the two quintets. In 1882 a symphony of Sgambati's was performed at the Crystal Palace under his direction, and his second quintet won favour at the Popular Concerts. His 'Messa da Requiem,' written to commemorate the death of King Humbert, is generally considered his most ambitious work. Sgambati also wrote songs and pianoforte pieces. He and Penelli were the founders of the Liceo Musicale of the Accademia di S. Cecilia.

PERFORMANCES NEXT WEEK.

Sec. Concert, 3.30, Royal Albert Hall.
— Sunday Concert Society, 3.30, Queen's Hall.

DRAMA

AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN PLAYS.

Romance. By Edward Sheldon. (Macmillan & Co., 5s. 6d. net.)

Three Plays for the Australian Stage: The Wasters, Galahad Jones, and Mrs. Pretty and the Premier. By Arthur H. Adams. (Sydney, William Brooks, 6s.)

Makers of Madness. By Hermann Hagedorn. (Macmillan & Co., 4s. 6d. net.)

ALL these plays have been written at a considerable distance from the experimental laboratory of the world's drama. Perhaps that is the reason why they impress us as the sort of plays English authors might have been writing to-day, if there had never been a reaction against sentimentality, and if the easygoing technique of twenty years ago was with us yet. We should have had more like them if Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had remained faithful to 'The Silver King.' It is probable that they will find warm admirers here to-day. 'Romance' we confidently expect to see upon the English stage.

The subject of this play is the woman with a past—that overworked product of the nineties. She is an Italian *prima donna* who falls in love with an unsophisticated clergyman. He is naturally deeply shocked at the discovery of her past, and attempts first to save her soul and then to possess her, in a scene which reminds us of the end of 'The Christian.' The lady, however, submits to be reformed, and eventually lives to a ripe and celibate old age. The clergyman becomes a bishop, and repeats the story of his love, forty years later, to a grandson who wishes to marry an undesirable actress, and does so in spite of the moral deducible from the confession. The present-day scenes form the prologue and the epilogue; the episode with the Italian makes up the body of the play. There is considerable humour in 'Romance,' and much excellent "business" is suggested, but its supreme characteristic is its sentimentality.

This, too, is the most striking feature of the three plays by Mr. A. H. Adams. The author tells us that "these plays were written for the Australian Stage. One of the many drawbacks to their production is that there is no Australian Stage." Keeping this unfortunate limitation in view, we must congratulate Mr. Adams on his success. He makes use of expedients which we prefer to do without, such as soliloquies and coincidences. His characters are all too self-confident, and his humour is sometimes a trifle forced. But to balance these defects Mr. Adams succeeds in making his readers interested (in two of the plays) in very ordinary people, and the plots are distinctly original. All the plays deal with Australian subjects, but one of them ('Galahad Jones') might well be adapted to the London

stage, since the story had some success over here as a novel. 'Mrs. Pretty and the Premier' is the most amusing of the three, but English audiences would probably not take kindly to the volcanic Labour Prime Minister, and the almost equally volcanic widow whom he woos and marries with a rapidity unequalled, we should imagine, in all drama. Our own statesmen are different—as politicians, at any rate.

Mr. Hagedorn is known as the author of some verse, but 'Makers of Madness' is, we believe, his first essay in drama. It is a pamphlet on war from a neutral and pacifist point of view. There are two pictures of groups of men who, to forward their own interests or to gratify their own ambitions, promote a war between an imaginary kingdom and a republic. There is one good scene in a clubroom, but the play fails to achieve conviction because it scarcely touches essentials, and the argument it employs is too theoretical. Wars, after all, are not due to the behaviour of a few unctuous rascals around a telephone.

Dramatic Gossip.

THE gentle art of espionage—practised at the Royalty in various ways by half the cast of 'The Man who Stayed at Home,' by Messrs. Lechmere Worrall and J. E. H. Terry—is revealed in its subtlety by Christopher Brent, a young man of agreeable manners, whose genial idleness forms a good cover for his purpose. He outwits the fiendish plots of the proprietor of a select boarding establishment on the East Coast; her son Carl, a clerk in the Admiralty, with ample opportunities of copying secret plans; Fritz, a waiter, of alleged Dutch extraction; and finally Fräulein Schroeder, an ex-governess, and now a naturalized Briton. To assist him in the difficult task of keeping an eye on these four he has the help of Mrs. Leigh, a fascinating widow, whose friendship is the cause of much heartburning to his sweetheart, Molly Preston. Molly's father frowns on the love-making between his daughter and Brent because the latter will not enlist.

Brent gaily endures the bestowal of a white feather, cutting speeches, and contemptuous tolerance. Shielded by his air of amiable idiocy, he has the agreeable task of locating—and dislocating—a Marconi apparatus concealed behind the fireplace, and otherwise balking and exposing the proceedings of the Teutonic party.

The part is delightfully played by Mr. Dennis Eadie. Mr. Edwards as Fritz, and Mr. Malcolm Cherry as Carl, are both sufficiently desperate villains; while Mr. Hubert Harben and Jean Cadell are amusing as a J.P. and a maiden lady. Praise is also due to Mary Jerrold for her clever impersonation of the governess.

It is, perhaps, unkind to suggest that the unfortunate German spies never really had a chance. Fritz's behaviour when any one approached the fireplace was enough to arouse the suspicions of a child; and Carl, in the third act, would hardly have laid down his pistol and looked out of the window when he had his opponent disarmed and at his mercy. But such a play can hardly be treated seriously. It achieves its purpose in being entertaining.

In his forthcoming production of 'David Copperfield' at His Majesty's Sir Herbert Tree will revert to the old arrangements, and give evening performances during the week, and matinees only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. An exception will be made on Boxing Day, when an extra matinée will take place. The play will have four acts and twelve scenes, and all the characters will be made up after well-known illustrations.

MR. JAMES WELCH is reviving at the New on the 29th inst. 'The New Clown,' in which Nina Boucicault will resume her original character.

THE GAIETY is at present closed, and Mr. George Edwardes's latest venture 'Betty,' by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Gladys Unger, with music by Mr. Paul Rubens, will be first performed at Manchester on Christmas Eve. Winifred Barnes, Mr. G. P. Huntley, and Mr. C. M. Lowne are in the cast.

THAT superlative piece of sentiment, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' is to be revived at the Playhouse on Boxing Day. Cora Goffin will act the angelic boy, and Lilian Braithwaite his mother.

ON Boxing Day also Mr. F. R. Benson will produce 'Henry V.,' supported by an excellent company of his old associates, which will include Mr. A. E. George, Mr. E. Lyall Swete, and Mr. H. O. Nicholson.

THE LONDON OPERA-HOUSE in Kingsway is now, we learn, called the National Theatre, and will offer on Christmas Eve an elaborate edition of 'Aladdin.' Russian dancers have been engaged, and an old-fashioned harlequinade will add to the gaiety.

MR. BANNISTER HOWARD, who is giving 'Cinderella' at the Aldwych, has also arranged for 'Dick Whittington' at Woolwich, 'Jack and the Beanstalk' at Lewisham, and 'Aladdin' at Croydon. Represented as a fatal handicap in many enterprises, the war does not seem to affect the vogue of pantomime.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. E. W.—A.-M.—R. A. W.—E. T. H.—Received.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

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Published Weekly by Messrs HORACE MARSHALL & SON, 125, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and Printed by J. EDWARD FRANCIS, Athenæum Press, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.
Agents for Scotland, Messrs WILLIAM GREEN & SONS and JOHN MENZIES & CO., Ltd., Edinburgh.—Saturday, December 19, 1914.